

THE SKETCH.

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SIXPENCE.
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Photo by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MISS DOROTHY VANE IN "HADDON HALL."

WITH THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.

Now is the winter of the cricketer's discontent made glorious summer by the arrival of the Australians, who since they reached this country have been favoured with weather such as they are accustomed to "down



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street.

MR. J. M. BLACKHAM.
CAPTAIN OF THE AUSTRALIANS.

under," and during the past few days they have been hard at practice at Mitcham in view of the trying season which is before them, commencing with a match against Lord Sheffield's Eleven at Sheffield Park on May 8. In addition to their manager, Mr. Victor Cohen, who himself would be able to fill a vacancy at a pinch, there are fourteen regular playing members in the new team. Of these, four are new to English cricket—R. McLeod, A. Coningham, H. Graham, and W. Giffen. The old hands are J. M. Blackham (the only member of the party who has accompanied every team that has visited England), A. Bannerman, George Giffen, C. T. B.

Turner, H. Trott, S. E. Gregory, W. Bruce, J. J. Lyons, H. Trumble, and A. H. Jarvis, all of whom cricketers in this country remember.

A representative of *The Sketch* has seen a good deal of the Australians since their arrival, and finds every member of the party in excellent health and spirits. Talking to Mr. Cohen, the manager expresses the conviction that the present team, with the exception of Moses, is the strongest possible party that could have been got together. Not only so, but he believes they will be found equal to the best eleven that ever landed on our shores, and, with ordinary luck, they should be able to hold their own, not only against the leading counties, but also with the strongest representative eleven that England can place in the field. He considers the team strong in every department. In batting they have no "tail," and plenty of runs should be got even out of the eleventh man. In Bruce, Bannerman, Giffen, and Lyons they have four batsmen who ought to compare favourably with any quartet in England. Bruce will be their fastest scorer, and when one considers the rapid rate at which Lyons usually makes his runs, one may well wonder what manner of batsman Bruce will be. Bannerman is, of course, the "stonewaller" of the team, and will, as a rule, go in first to keep up his end and break the back of the bowling as well as the heart of the bowler. What George Lohmann was, and we hope still is, to England, that is George Giffen to Australia.

What a wealth of bowling talent is also at their command! With Turner, "the Terror," as the bright and shining light, there are Giffen and McLeod, both in the first rank; while Coningham, the left-hander, is certain to get a lot of wickets. Trumble will make a useful change, while Trott and Lyons are also successful trundlers. Of the new bowlers, McLeod and Coningham are the only two unknown to English cricketers. The former, who stands over six feet, makes great use of his height, and for a fast bowler gets a large amount of work on his ball. He speaks very highly of the trickiness of Coningham's bowling, and thinks that on a wet wicket the left-hander will be extremely destructive. McLeod speaks with a Scottish accent, and is twenty-five years of age. Perhaps Trott is the most popular man of the party. Besides being an excellent all-round cricketer he is a born comedian, and composes his own songs, which he sings with great spirit and expression. Jack Lyons is always bubbling over with fun, and he told a representative of *The Sketch* that he expects to have another good time in Old England.

Sid Gregory, besides being the most diminutive member of the team, is also its champion fieldsman. He expresses the opinion that the present team are far and away ahead of the previous one, and if they don't win the great majority of their matches the Australian midget will be sorely disappointed. Henry Graham, who is the youngest member of the party, is a fine-looking young fellow, with a free, fearless style of batting that is sure to make him a great favourite with the crowd. He sticks to Gregory closer than a brother, as if fearful that he will lose himself in a strange country. Unlike "The Private Secretary," he likes London. J. M. Blackham, although the veteran of the team in more senses than one, is as frisky as the youngest of them, and it does one's heart good to see him open his shoulders to drive a ball. As a prince of stumpers he will probably be first choice in the representative matches; but Jarvis will also keep wicket frequently. Of all the members of the team, perhaps Alec Bannerman is the most modest, especially in respect of his own abilities, but one can easily see that he is immensely pleased with his companions.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

The Queen has arrived home after her satisfactory sojourn in Florence, which she left on Wednesday afternoon. Her Majesty left 6000 lire to be distributed among the poor of the city, and a large number of souvenirs to be given to the various artists and public officials who were placed at her disposal during her stay.

The Stock Exchange demonstrates this afternoon against Home Rule, and this is the order of the procession to the Guildhall: "Consol, Colonial, Trunk, and Great Eastern Markets must meet at 1.15 in Capel Court. American and Brighton Markets in Shorter's Court at 1.15. All other markets in Drapers' Gardens at 1.15. Form fours and march at 1.30 punctually to Guildhall."

"What was the use of the Ulster fellows howling and calling out 'Traitor'? That won't upset the Bill. There is such a thing as wilful murder. Yet it might be nothing of the kind. Simply and purely justifiable homicide." He came from Sheffield, the man who wrote these words, and who discharged a revolver in the region of Downing Street. Of course, the rumour spread that he had intentions on the Premier's life. More will be heard about this strange politician at Bow Street to-morrow.

Professor Blackie is one of those ultra-patriotic Scots who never lose a chance of saying something for their country. His appearance at the Liberal Social Union last week as a supporter of Home Rule for Scotland was thoroughly characteristic. This claim is based on some curious points. Variety is the life of the world, and "God Almighty did not mean to include everybody under the title of John Bull." Another reason was that it is a mere business matter.

The Hull dock strike remains unsettled, and will probably do so while the Union funds hold out. The situation is, if anything, aggravated by the friction at the London docks.

The Guards of the Labour Army is what Mr. John Burns calls the engineers, boiler-makers, and carpenters, whom he advised on Saturday to join the eight-hours movement more enthusiastically than they have done heretofore. He thinks a national strike at the present time would be national madness. The phrase may become proverbial.

Elementary education last year cost £5,596,516. Though there are school seats for 5,730,888 children, the average attendance was only 3,892,989. More than 100,000 teachers are employed. Night schools are attended only by 48,949 youths.

Two Australian teams were landed at Tilbury on Wednesday from the Orient liner *Orizaba*. The New South Wales Cavalry team will be attached to the 17th Lancers, when in barracks at Hounslow. The cricket team is the eighth that has been despatched to this country from Australia.

It has taken four-and-twenty days—to say nothing of the enormous expense to the country—for a special jury to decide that neither Horatio Bottomley nor Charles Dollman, any more than Sir Henry or Joseph Isaacs, has been guilty of defrauding the Hansard Union. Yet the prosecution will not have been fruitless if the rider of the jury effect a reform in our joint-stock company law.

Is Sir Frederick Leighton afraid of "the younger generation," to use the Master-Builder's unforgettable phrase? At the Academy banquet he had, on the one hand, to lament the disappearance of Woolner, Pettie, and Vicat Cole, and, on the other, to deprecate the vehement and almost feverish strife of conflicting theories and opinions which is rife among us, and the consequent perplexity which besets those who, on the outer threshold of their career, seek a sure path in such a labyrinth of contradictions.

Mr. Balfour, in presiding at the anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, took a view of the whole realm of intellectual progress far less pessimistic than he did when addressing his Glasgow student constituents. While admitting that the great names that have rendered the earlier years of the Victorian era famous are dropping off, and are not being replaced, he spoke appreciatively of the spread of the literary spirit, and he seemed even to take hope for literature from the prophecy of Lord Kelvin that men of science to-day are trembling on the brink of a great scientific discovery, giving a new view of the forces around us.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor begs to inform correspondents that so many stories and articles have already reached him that his stock is sufficient to last for many months. Any other MSS. are, therefore, unnecessary.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

A CHAT WITH C. W. ALCOCK.

That two things cannot be accomplished at one time is an aphorism that is just a little out of date. It still holds good, however, that if you want anything done go to the busiest man you know. For this reason an interviewer of *The Sketch* recently called upon C. W. Alcock, one of the best known sportsmen of England, and probably the busiest man in all London. Consider the multifarious duties which fall upon him, the many offices he holds, and the ability and despatch with which he gets through his work. Mr. Alcock is best known as secretary of the Surrey County Cricket Club, although all over the country he is known as secretary of the Football Association. These twin berths give him a unique position as leader and organiser of the national winter and summer games, and adding to these his numerous journalistic ventures—as editor and working journalist—you have a man whose time is about as fully occupied as it well could be. Yet he can always spare a minute for anxious inquirers such as *The Sketch* man proved himself to be. It was in a nice, large, airy room at the Oval that Mr. Alcock was found, surrounded by a mass of correspondence that would have appalled the heart of an automatic stenographer and typewriter combined. Mr. Alcock only looked up from his work and said—

"You want to ask me a few questions? Take a seat and fire away."

"I want to learn something about yourself, Mr. Alcock—about the Oval, about the Surrey team, and about the Australians."

"That is a pretty large order. Where shall we begin?"

"I understand you are an old Harrovian, Mr. Alcock. Did you play any cricket there?"

"No, but I have played a good deal of football. I was in the Cock House team at Harrow, and got the goal which won the championship. I also played a good deal at racquets, and with some success."

"Were you one of the founders of the Forest Football Club?"

"Yes; but that is a long time ago. I think it was in 1859 that my brother and I, with a few kindred souls, used to go out to the borders of Epping, just to kick about a ball, and there we conceived the idea of starting a club, so that the Forest was one of the first Association clubs in the country."

"You have played in international matches, I believe?"

"Yes; I was elected captain of the English team three times, and I played against Scotland at Glasgow in 1875."

"Are you a Surrey-born man?"

"Oh, no! but I almost wish I was. I was born at Sunderland, and afterwards came to live in Essex, and have played cricket for that county."

"You have been connected with Surrey for a very long time?"

"Yes; for just over twenty-one years. I was appointed secretary on April 6, 1872, and since then have seen a good many changes."

"In the fortunes of the county, you mean? I believe when you commenced with Surrey the county was very low down?"

"Yes; it was just about as far down for a first-class county as it could be."

"When did the fortunes of Surrey begin to look up?"

"I should say about 1878. By that time we were beginning to see the possibilities of success, both in a financial and a sporting sense."

"Which has been Surrey's most successful season?"

"I should say our best year was in 1891, but, you know, we have been practically champions for the last six years."

"To whom would you attribute the success of Surrey cricket?"

"To no man so much as John Shuter, who has played for us since 1877, and has captained the team for ten years. He throws himself heart and soul into the game, and a finer sportsman you will not meet anywhere. He sets a splendid example to his men, and inspires respect everywhere."

"And what about that lucky penny he wins the toss with so often?"

"Ah!" said Mr. Alcock, with a smile. "I understand he keeps it in a glass case, and if it is not worn out he will probably hand it over to the British Museum when he is done with it."

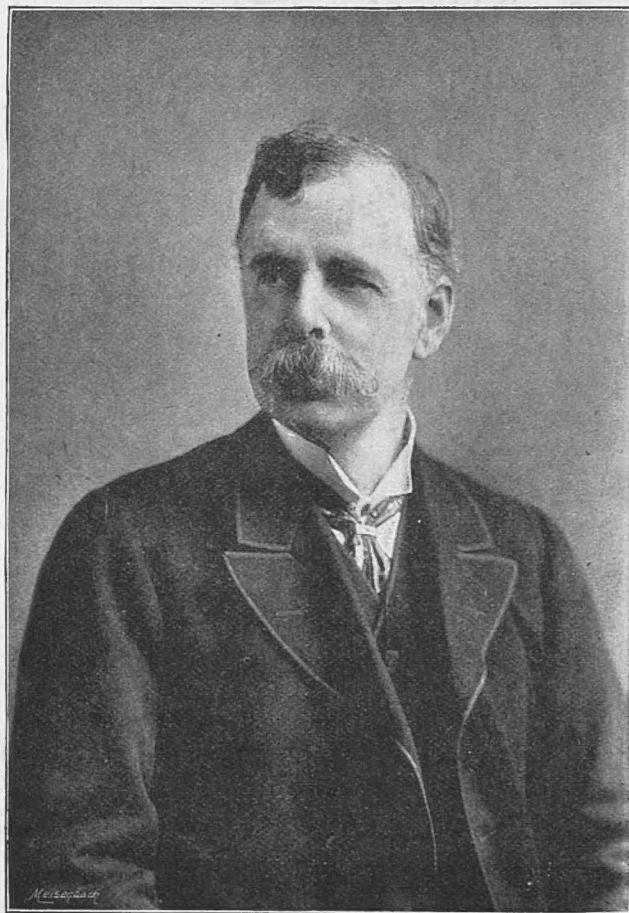


Photo by Byrne and Co., Richmond.

MR. C. W. ALCOCK.

"Was the Surrey club the first to give free admission to everybody connected with the public service?"

"I believe so. We admit everyone in uniform, such as railway officials, postmen, policemen, or anyone who can show a badge or ticket that he is connected with the public service."

"I understand that the Prince of Wales is your ground landlord. Does he ever come to see you play?"

"Oh, yes; he has been to the Oval several times. He takes an interest both in football and cricket."

"How many years of your lease at the Oval is unexpired, and are you likely to get it renewed on favourable terms?"

"I think we have about sixteen years yet to run, and I have no doubt that the Prince of Wales, who is a good sportsman, will treat us under the 'most favoured nation' clause."

"What is your present membership?"

"We are now limited to 3250, and not only are we full up, but we have any number of applicants waiting for admission. The entrance fee is two guineas, with an annual subscription of one guinea."

"Who would you say was the best all-round professional that Surrey has produced?"

"I think there can be no two questions as to who is our best all-round professional. His name is George Lohmann, and, I am sorry to say, he is at present in South Africa, where he went to improve his health over the winter. He is now very much better, and will leave again for England on May 24. Whether he will play for us or not this season depends a good deal upon how he feels when he arrives and what his medical man advises; but we are hopeful that he may be able to assist us."

"Then, is it true that Abel and Wood are also ill?"

"The Little Guv'nor, I regret to say, has had a bad time with his eyes lately, but we see no reason why he should not be playing in the course of a few weeks. So far as I know, Wood will be ready to play at the beginning of the season, although he is not in very robust health. We have another wicket-keeper in Marshall, who will probably get a trial."

"Then, do you think Surrey will be able to retain the championship?"

"Well, that is a question no man can answer. Of course, we have Lockwood in excellent health and fine form. Richardson is shaping well, and Sharpe, we are hopeful, will regain much of his form of two seasons ago. In addition

to the other old hands we will have Baldwin and Hayward. The latter, who comes of an old Surrey stock, is a very promising young batsman. Altogether, I don't think we have very much to fear."

"What are the characteristics of Lockwood's trundling?"

"I should say the extraordinary amount of work he can get on the ball for a fast bowler, even on a dry wicket. Like all other bowlers, he is helped by a wet or sticky wicket; but he meets with a great amount of success, no matter what the pitch may be like."

"Whom will you rely on for bowlers this year?"

"In addition to the three I have mentioned, who are all very much of one pace, we will have Henderson and Abel, not to mention Walter Read's lobbs."

"How often are the Australians to appear at the Oval this season?"

"Four times altogether—twice against Surrey, once against England for the benefit of Maurice Read, and once against the South of England."

"Do you think the Australians are to make a big show this year?"

"Well, judging from the names, reputations, averages, and so on, I think they ought to make a very good side. They are strong in every department of the game: with their combination of experienced old stagers like Blackham, Bannerman, Bruce, and Giffen, and plenty of fresh young blood of good quality in Graham, McLeod, Gregory, and others, I think they ought to do very well."

To talk of Mr. Alcock as a sportsman is to show but one side of the man. He has still time to spare for his civic duties at Richmond, where he is a councillor whose counsel is worth having. Last February he was also made a Justice of the Peace. He has social duties not a few, and had the honour recently of introducing the Duke and Duchess of Teck and Princess May to the international football match between Scotland and England at Richmond.

OLYMPIAN.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

A LITTLE PROGRESS.

Two more second readings signalled the earlier part of last week—Employers' Liability and Registration. Mr. Chamberlain's amendment did its object in exposing the very inadequate nature of the former as a great measure of social reform; it was useless to persist in it as far as the second reading was concerned, but it will have its effect. The only points worth noticing about the Bill now are, firstly, the necessity of still further weakening the Bill by taking out its utterly unworkable application to seamen, and, secondly, Sir John Gorst's very pertinent question why the Government, as employers, were exempting themselves from the operation of their Bill. As regards the Registration Bill, it looks very much as if we should hear little more of it. Neither Liberals nor Tories like it, the former because they think that the lodger clauses will admit too many new Tories, the latter because the three months' qualification is so short as to open the door to a lot of gerrymandering. It was a great disappointment to Mr. Fowler's own supporters that he allowed the Bill to be referred, not to a Grand Committee, but to a Committee of the whole House.

THE BUDGET.

This surrender on the Registration Bill is not so great a disappointment to Ministerialists as the Budget, which is the new element in the past week. It really is a little hard on poor Sir William Harcourt that he should have been obliged to content himself with announcing a deficit, and proposing to account for it by another penny on the income tax. It was the only thing for him to do, of course; the Home Rule Bill prevents anything like a fresh ambition in the shape of a legislative Budget. The Chancellor of the Exchequer just had to present his accounts and raise the necessary money by the means which would excite least opposition or discussion. As long as the Liberal party depends for its support upon men who don't pay income tax, they will naturally be disinclined to oppose its increase for those who do. Meanwhile, more promises are held out for next year. "If only you will let me have another try," said Sir William Harcourt in effect, "I will abolish the death duties, at any rate, and we will have another shot at your free breakfast-table, and even at payment of members."

MORE GERRYMANDERING.

If there is one thing that is more disgusting than another about the present Ministry it is the way in which, both by promise and by actual practice, they depend so much more upon the hope of improving their own position in the country than upon any essential value of the Bills they introduce. The Registration Bill, if it is dropped, will be dropped just because the Liberals think it will add more Tory voters than Liberal to the register. But what can be more flagrant in this way than Mr. Bryce's appointments to magistracies in Lancashire? It is admitted that Home Rulers have been appointed in batches, on the ground that there were not enough of them on the bench. Why not enough? The reason is obvious. It is because Gladstonianism very properly does not appeal to the men whose position in the country and opportunity for leisure mark them out for the unpaid work of the magistrates' bench. Magistrates, like judges, ought not to be appointed for their political views at all. The remedy, however, which takes the form of "redressing the balance" by dignifying a lot of Home Rulers with the style of J.P. will hardly increase the respect for the bench, nor diminish the cases which come before the High Court for review.

VIOLENCE ALL ROUND.

A good deal of violence has come before the notice of the House—in the rioting at Belfast, the labour dispute at Hull, and even the case of the man who was supposed to want to shoot the Prime Minister. Mr. Asquith made short work of Mr. Keir Hardie's complaint of the military being employed at Hull. As for the Belfast affair, Mr. Dunbar Barton rather unnecessarily declared that it would not be till the Home Rule Bill passed that he and his friends would take their places in the streets in open defiance. But, meanwhile, the Unionist leaders have done what the Nationalists have never been known in such circumstances to do—publicly protested against violent measures. The fact is, of course, that these riots can do the Unionist cause, as a cause, no good.

DROPPING THE IN-AND-OUT-CLAUSE.

Rumour has been busy in the House with the intimation that the Popping-in-and-out Clause of the Home Rule Bill will be dropped. I am not in the least surprised to hear it; but the question now is, What is to replace it? There are a good many English Liberals who would prefer the plan of '86, which excluded Irish members altogether. Mr. Morley still thinks this the best plan. But that is a course which Mr. Gladstone could not take without another appeal to the country, for it was on that point that he always says he was beaten before. His Bill must retain the Irish members somehow, so the course to be taken will probably be just to leave out the clause altogether and put nothing in its place. The Irishmen would then stay at Westminster as they are. It is possible that a reduction of their numbers to the population basis will be suggested—namely, to eighty. But that is unlikely, especially as a resolution will possibly be found affirming the necessity of reducing the Irish representation to thirty or so as soon as the Irish questions reserved for the Imperial Parliament are settled. From a tactical point of view I imagine that the proposal of complete retention must weaken the Bill in the country.

PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

A BAD BUDGET.

After the storm and stress of the Home Rule debate it has been something of a relief to get into the very much quieter waters of Supply. As a frank critic of my own side, I must say the Government did worse last week than at any time since their accession to office. The whole secret of the failure of the Budget is a little difficult to tell. I have repeatedly informed my readers as to the existence of the plan for the reform of the death duties which Sir William Harcourt revealed on Monday night. It is a very complicated scheme, and accounts differ as to its real value as an efficient engine of taxation. Ultimately, I believe it is calculated to bring in about four millions—money enough to reduce the tea duty with. But its operation would be slow, and it would not give the Chancellor the immediate sum he wanted to cover his deficit. There was also the further consideration that the time was short and that a debate on the death duties must necessarily be a long one. Anyhow, the plan was shelved, and the extremely weak and unpopular expedient of a penny on the income tax was adopted in its stead. The result was a most dolorous Budget, and a most dolorous speech in introducing it. The House that heard it was very thin, very languid, and, knowing that no sensation was in preparation for it, very little interested in the whole business. When he has nothing to say or something unpopular to do Sir William Harcourt is invariably at his worst. He reminds the irreverent observer of nothing so much as Mr. Chadband discoursing tearfully of "terewth," or Mr. Stiggins affected to tears by the spectacle of pine-apple rum. Yet he made an extremely good speech from the point of view of exposition. It was not so alluring and so suggestive as Mr. Goschen's Budget speeches, and, of course, it did not present the personal charm of Mr. Gladstone's great Budgets. But it was a wonderfully clear and simple explanation of figures which do not always lend themselves to such treatment. Unfortunately, the appallingly poor matter of the Budget utterly destroyed the pleasant impression with which one followed the really masterly statement of it. The Budget is, in fact, as clumsy and obsolete a financial expedient as ever a Chancellor of the Exchequer calling himself a Radical could venture to introduce. Anybody could put a penny on the income tax, but it is not so easy to take it off again.

MR. GOSCHEN'S ATTACK.

Mr. Goschen put all those points on Thursday night in one of the most powerful speeches I have ever heard him make. Mr. Goschen is not a pleasing speaker. He might, indeed, be described as an extremely unpleasant one. His voice is pitched in one unvarying note, so hoarse that a member of the House once described it as a saw-mill driving a fog-horn. The face is grey in colour, the eyes small and unexpressive, the cast of features decidedly Jewish. His gestures, too, are ungraceful. It generally happens that long before he has finished his speech the ex-Chancellor has examined all his pockets, wandered over every button on his waistcoat, and played an aimless kind of tune over the breast of his frock-coat. Yet no one can for a moment doubt the wonderful debating power which lies behind this queer and unbeautiful personality. Every sentence of his speech on Thursday was a piece of smashing and unanswerable criticism about as damning from a Government point of view as could well be imagined. The encounter had a personal as well as a political interest. Sir William Harcourt has of late years been rather posing as a critic of his predecessor's finance. He has called it flabby and shabby, and he has attacked Mr. Goschen in print, on the platform, and from the floor of the House. I must say that the late Chancellor had his revenge to the full. He has given the Budget a nickname, the Penny-in-the-Slot Budget, which will stick, and he has all but destroyed Sir William Harcourt's great reputation for really resourceful finance.

LOOKING FORWARD.

Apart from the Budget, the Government are doing pretty well. They have got two important second readings—Employers' Liability and Registration, and they have carried the third reading of the Railway Servants Bill. All this marks very substantial progress, and with an autumn session there is now a very considerable chance of obtaining a respectable English programme. I fancy the tactics of the Opposition have somewhat changed in this particular, and there is now no ground for the charge of obstruction. Latterly, at all events, things have been proceeding in the House with perfect regularity and order. The Hanburyites and the Bartleyites, who were having it all their own way, have either been suppressed by their leaders, which is the more probable supposition, or they have got tired of the game. But this is rather the way of the House of Commons. It enters on a course of fierce party controversy, and then sickens of the whole business, and permits a Bill to pass in ten minutes which it has previously resisted for days. A Ministry which means business and keeps its following well in hand always reaps the benefit of this inconstancy of temper—success, therefore, still depends upon themselves. Mr. Goschen openly taunted the Chancellor of the Exchequer with the probability of his having to seek the suffrages of his constituents before another Budget came round. I do not think there is the slightest ground for the notion. "The Ministry," said an intimate friend of Mr. Gladstone's the other day, "mean to stay in at all costs." They will certainly stay in another year, whatever happens to the Home Rule Bill in the House of Lords.



THE POLITICAL CORYPHÉE.

PORTRAIT OF THE "G.O.M.," NOW PERFORMING NIGHTLY AT THE ROYAL EMPIRE THEATRE, WESTMINSTER.

THIS PICTURE WAS PAINTED FROM SKETCHES TAKEN FROM LIFE BY RANDY PANDY, R.H.

[It is rumoured that this striking portrait has been purchased for the new Parliamentary Buildings at Dublin.]

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

While she was preparing her husband's dinner "Alan's Wife," Jean Creyke, fancied herself the happiest creature on the glad earth. She gaily gossiped with her mother and an old friend, the constant subjects of her speech being the strength, beauty, and goodness of her husband, and hope in a few months bearing a son who would grow up in the image of his father. The women and men of the neighbourhood passed by, all smiling kindly at Jean's happiness. The minister, Jamie Warren, an old schoolmate of hers, looked in—a pale, thin young man, full of book-learning, the simple secret of whose life was his love, his silent love, for the bonny, vigorous Jean.

All creation seemed specially designed and created for the purpose of making Jean the happiest of living creatures, and the girl was almost giddy with gladness, drunk with the joy of life. Then, to show how frail the tenure of human joy, a few shrieks of women, the heavy step of burdened men, and the husband, who had gone out in the morn as full of love and life as Jean, came home on a hurdle, dead, mutilated, horrible to see.

The blind forces working with the grim, awful humour of Nature made Jean a mother before her time, and when her eyes fell on what was to have been Alan's image she saw a puny, sickly, deformed creature. Yes, Alan's image as she last saw him lying on the hurdle.

Weeks went by, and she gained strength enough to leave her bed, strength enough to murmur against God because she had not died with her babe unborn. Her mother thought her indifferent to the child, and so did the minister, who came to comfort her, yet never durst tell the secret of his long-pent love, and he unfortunately said that the babe might become strong enough to outlive its mother and all of them. That was the horror! While she lived her arms might shield the child from the mocks of the world; but what if she died young and left it to limp through life twisted and distorted in limb to the jeers and insults of the cruel world!

Quickly through the half-distraught mind rushed a hundred thoughts, but in chief two—that this crippled child was a mock to the memory of her strong, handsome Alan, and that if the poor thing died while still a wordless babe it would go straight to Heaven and escape a miserable life on earth. Her love—perverted, most people will call it—led her to the idea that to kill the babe was the most blessed kindness in her power. But it had not been baptised, so she, usurping the priest's office, read a fantastic, earnest service over it, then passionately kissed it, and afterwards took away the life she had given to it so short a while before. Conviction followed the act, and, happily for her, the sentence of death was carried out by the law, which has little taste for casuistry.

A painful play it is, told admirably for the stage, with studious restraint and avoidance of all commonplace devices. The three short scenes contain no irrelevant words, nor is any timid effort made to give adventitious interest to the theme. The author, whoever he or she may be, apparently has read "Mrs. Keith's Crime" and "Tess"; but an acknowledgment is made of a debt to a tale by Elin Ameen. Painful, perhaps too painful, it is, but, at least, a work of true, pure art, worthy of high praise; in fact, I should find it difficult to name any modern English work so purely artistic in execution.

The acting was excellent. Miss Robins played as splendidly as in "Karin," and, literally, one has nothing but praise for her magnificent performance. Mr. James Welch acted admirably as the Minister, and Mrs. E. H. Brooke, in the mother's part, greatly aided the play by earnest, powerful work.

"Theory and Practice," a duologue by Mr. Arthur Benham, is a cleverly written little play that I should like to hear again. In it a woman's character is sketched with true touches of some delicacy. Miss Estelle Burney played the part in a light, graceful style that proved very effective. Once more Mr. Grein's society has done work that more than justifies its existence.

It is wonderful the way in which some elderly plays keep the stage because they have good acting parts—perhaps good "show off" parts would be a more accurate phrase. Can anyone pretend that modern playgoers take an interest in "The Lyons Mail" or in "Adrienne Lecouvreur"? If the former were produced as a new work to-morrow at the Adelphi and ascribed to Messrs. Sims and Buchanan, the critics would express surprise that those eminent manufacturers of melodrama should have turned out such clumsy goods. The young critics would write indignant articles full of minute criticism, the middle-aged would make fun of it and give a comic account of the plot, while the old stagers would contemptuously point out its inferiority to the ancient Adelphi drama.

Yet on Saturday night "The Lyons Mail" was gravely played by our leading tragedian in the foremost theatre of London, and respectfully received. The critics and the critical, it is true, yawned till the last ten minutes, but the Irvingites—a sect as much in earnest as the Ibsenites—only seemed bored by those parts when Lesurques or Dubosc is not on the stage. These parts are not numerous. Even the farcical trial—one of the wildest burlesques imaginable—was not laughed at. To the observant it was clear that Mr. Irving was trifling with the play—that he was acting like a modern bicycle racer, and keeping himself for the last lap. If only the race were a little shorter! Could not Mr. Irving make another Robert Macaire of it? Why not treat it as a huge joke till the terrible last scene, in which, by-the-way, he acted with a horrible intensity that he has never surpassed.

The saddest thing about the play is to see Charles Reade's name attached to it. Who can explain the fact that a novelist of undeniable genius could write a play which is clumsy and commonplace from beginning to end? You may search diligently through "The Lyons Mail" and find nothing you would care to steal, even if you had a royal pardon in blank in your pocket. Of the curious combatant glow that lights up the weakest of his novels there is no trace, nor of the prodigious energy that breathes in them. It is simply the turgid commonplace stuff of the mechanical playwright. Who can explain this curious phenomenon?

One cannot, perhaps, complain of "Adrienne Lecouvreur" as being clumsy, since, indeed, it shows a great deal of the skill in craftsmanship that made Scribe, the author of 400 plays, the popular dramatist of his time. Yet it is wearisome. To the most unsophisticated it seems too obviously ingenious, and over it all hangs the heavy burden of lifelessness which belongs to most works telling of bygone days. Occasionally a great actress takes the part of Adrienne, and thoroughly thrills the audience; but no actress of less than greatness can accomplish such a feat.

Miss Janet Achurch has not succeeded. She at present gives one the idea that she will never take full advantage of her gifts. How well I remember the first night of "The Doll's House" at the Novelty, that night when it seemed as if suddenly London had become possessed of a new dramatist and new actress of the first class! The dramatist, despite the fiercest opposition, has held his ground; but the actress? She, chiefly, I think, from lack of firm stage management, has never done anything half so good as Nora since; worse still, she has sadly injured Nora. Looking at her, one feels that, in addition to fine physique, she has brains—not a very common commodity in her profession. Yet one finds her perversely doing impossible things on the stage, playing tricks with voice and face that only the success which she does not reach could make amends for. Each new performance one hopes to see her gifts put to real use and hopes in vain.

In Adrienne she tried to give a new reading. Instead of the showy theatrical method that her great predecessors have adopted in the part, she adopts a very quiet domestic manner which is quite ineffective in such a character. One feels tempted to say, "Wake up! and do not try to put nice human touches into such a woman—act and over-act, and then you may catch the audience." It seems shocking advice; but the only alternative is, "Leave it alone altogether."

The rest of the company perfectly prove the wisdom of the proverb concerning square pegs and round holes.

One does not often have such a luxurious trial matinée as that of "Jealous in Honour"—a first-class theatre, almost first-class company, and excellent mounting!

But the piece? On the programme was an announcement—"The gross proceeds, without any deduction, will be given in aid of a ward in the Throat Hospital"—which causes me to take off my hat to Mr. Basil Broke, the author, who does not, like many, use the name of charity as a mere stalking-horse. But the piece? Mr. Gilbert Hare's acting was remarkable for so young an actor—to play a cynical foreign villain with an accent is a task above the strength of most experienced actors. Nine out of ten soon throw overboard the accent, but Mr. Hare did not, though he pronounced his "th" with impossible perfection. It was a nicely finished, sharp character study, only lacking in variety and charm. Mr. Hare seemed to forget that the smiling villain must have some soft feminine grace, or he would never get on in the world.

Mr. Bernard Gould bore out a remark of mine: though an actor of ten times Mr. G. Hare's experience, he did not stick to his accent as Russian prince; indeed, his pronunciation was as variable as the weather used to be. Will no one teach him how to walk the stage?—tell him that to slouch along, rubbing knees together, is very ugly and undignified?

But the piece? It is a simple, unsophisticated work, old-fashioned in *facture*. The author resorts several times to the poor device of making the characters indulge in the evil practice of eavesdropping; nor is he above letting them sit down and give information to the audience by means of a soliloquy. No doubt, the soliloquy question is difficult, and to write plays without their aid is very difficult, but not impossible. There are, however, soliloquies of two kinds, one far worse than the other. Even the hypercritical may pardon the device of making a character put into words the thoughts that really pass in his mind, since no other means may exist of showing what, after all, it is the main object of the play to show; but when the character tells you, for your information, facts, and gives useful details touching the play, all illusion is lost.

Yet the author, if he has not written a masterpiece, has at least produced a play of far more value than those generally given at trial matinées. There is a rather neatly drawn character of a tender-hearted old Colonel, who, though he would not hurt a fly, has spent twenty years in making perfect an electric gun of very deadly character. He, we believe, gives title to the play, and in him Quixotism is pleasantly presented without exaggeration. Moreover, the dialogue, if its efforts at wit are rather strained, at least contains some clever touches of observation. With perseverance, the author seems likely to produce a successful play, without, however, any originality.

In addition to the players already named, we must mention Messrs. Edmund Maurice, Sant Matthews, and W. T. Lovell, who all deserve praise; while Miss Kate Rorke, it may be added, was charming as the heroine.

E. F.-S.



MISS DECIMA MOORE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

MISS DECIMA MOORE.

A CHAT WITH A SAVOYARDE.

The young lady who has been chosen to take a leading part in the new Savoy opera is the youngest, and many think the prettiest, singer and actress on the English stage, for, like her elder sister, Miss Eva Moore, she made her *début* at an age when other girls are still in the school-room.

I found Miss Decima, writes a representative of *The Sketch*, busily engaged in rehearsing Messrs. Barrie and Conan Doyle's opera. She had only just received the book of the second act, but kindly spared

my first real hit was made in 'The Wedding Eve,' which will always remain, I think, my favourite play. I took the part of Yvonne, singing the music of Mr. Ernest Ford, who has composed, I am glad to say, the score of the opera I am now rehearsing. The last thing I played in was 'Dorothy' at the Trafalgar Square Theatre. In fact, I am under a two years' engagement with Mr. George Edwardes, and have only been lent here for a time."

"It would be interesting to know, Miss Moore, what, according to your own experience, makes or mars the success of a comic opera?"

"A great deal depends on the songs," she replied, after a moment's hesitation. "For instance, in 'The Wedding Eve,' the little ditty Yvonne sings—

Was ever artless maid in such a pass?

entirely made my part, and I think I may say that a song I sing in the rôle I am rehearsing to-day will be equally popular."

"And can you tell me *sans indiscretion* something about your new part?"

Miss Moore smiled mysteriously. "I am going to be Bab, a merry school-girl. It is a very lively, bright kind of part; in fact, the whole opera is full of comedy and humorous situations. The song to which I referred just now begins—

Bab's a sleepy girl,

and both words and music are exceedingly pretty."

"And will you make a special feature of the dancing?"

"It is my dance that I am just now going to rehearse," she answered, glancing down at her little white clinging skirt. "I have never in any way made a specialty of my dancing, but I think it will go off all right, thanks to Mr. D'Auban, the Savoy dancing master, who has been coaching me."

"And do you learn quickly?"

"Yes; I very soon grow word-perfect. You know, if you like and understand a part you very soon get thoroughly into it. On one occasion I acted at the Court Theatre in 'A Pantomime Rehearsal' at a day's notice, learning my part, rehearsing, and having my gown made in the time."

"I suppose, Miss Moore, that, like most of your sisters in the profession, you receive a great many epistles from the front?"

The coming "Bab" laughed gaily. "Indeed, I do; but I am fortunate in never having had an impertinent or rude letter sent me, and I receive a great many more communications from ladies than from men. My nicest letters are from little children; I have two regular, small correspondents—girls—from whom I hear constantly. You know, in one of the parts I played there are a lot of dogs in the piece, and one of these



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MISS DECIMA MOORE IN "DOROTHY."

me a few moments in one of the cosy little dressing-rooms which Mr. D'Oyly Carte has taken such pains to make comfortable and convenient for the lady members of his company.

"I made my *début* in this very theatre," exclaimed Miss Moore, in answer to a question, "as Casilda in 'The Gondoliers.' You know, I was not intended at all for the stage, but I had always adored acting, and when I was fortunate enough to gain a scholarship at the Blackheath Conservatoire, where I was studying music, with a view to a concert-room career, I made up my mind that I would come to London, without telling my people anything of my intention, and see whether I could get an outside opinion on my voice and general capacity. Of course, my sister Eva was already an actress, so I felt that I had a right to try my luck too; therefore, I made an appointment with Mr. D'Oyly Carte, and asked him to hear me sing, which he kindly agreed to do. The result was that he told me he would give me a part as soon as he could get one that was suitable, and I went home wild with joy. But, still, I did not say anything about it to my people, for I was then only sixteen, and did not know how they would accept the news. A few months later Mr. Carte wrote and offered me the rôle in which I made my *début*."

"Then, you had very little training for the stage before you walked on to the boards for the first time?"

"Practically none, excepting what I had picked up by myself. But I always was, and am still, far fonder of acting than I am of singing; therefore, it seemed to come naturally to me."

"And during the last three years, I suppose, you have not had much rest?"

"Well, no. I have managed to get through a good deal of hard work. After 'The Gondoliers' came to an end, I acted in 'The Maelstrom,' a melodrama produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre. Then I took the part of Ophelia in a travesty by W. S. Gilbert, but I consider



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MISS DECIMA MOORE IN "THE WEDDING EVE."

children wrote to me—"Dear Miss Moore, when I saw you patting that dog's head I wished that I could be the dog." Oh, yes, getting letters from my unknown friends has been one of the pleasantest experiences of my professional life," she concluded, nodding her head.



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MISS DECIMA MOORE IN "DOROTHY."

"And, besides acting and singing, what is your favourite pursuit?"

"Taking immense long walks," she answered immediately. "I am a great believer in oxygen, and never practise until I have been in the open air at least an hour."



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MISS DECIMA MOORE IN "DOROTHY."

MISS EVA MOORE.

"Three of us belong to the profession," Miss Eva Moore said to a representative of *The Sketch* who called upon her the other day, "surely that is enough? And we cannot claim kinship with Miss Mary Moore; indeed, as far as I know, I was the first member of my family who ventured on the stage at all. I was a governess, and accidentally took a part in some private theatricals, and thus discovered my, if not vocation, at least natural bent, for, you know, I am never really happy unless I am in the bill," she adds, laughing. "And I am perfectly miserable when not acting, or, at least, rehearsing."

"And did you walk straight on to the boards from the school-room?"

"Well, Miss Florence Toole, one of the kindest and best friends I ever had"—and a shadow comes over Miss Eva Moore's bright face—"gave me an introduction to Mr. Thorne, of the Vaudeville, so I went bravely off and called on him. Of course, he declared that he had nothing for me. That was on a Saturday. On Monday I received a telegram from him offering me a part in a matinée, and so I made my début. A little later I entered Mr. Toole's company as understudy to Marie Linden. Six months later she left, and I took over all her parts—Dora in 'The Don,' &c. In the eighteen months I stayed with Mr. Toole I must have played at least fourteen parts, for we were on tour five months, and often played



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MISS EVA MOORE IN "MAN AND WOMAN."

six different plays a week. My next move was to the Court, where I acted the Countess of Drumdurr in 'The Cabinet Minister.'

"Do your parts give you much trouble—I mean do you take great pains over them?"

"I make it my object," she answers quickly, "to get rid of my part as soon as possible—that is, make myself word-perfect. As for the comic business and that kind of thing, it comes to one during rehearsal."

"What are my favourite parts? Oh, light comedy. I consider the rôle of Minnie Gilfillan in 'Sweet Lavender' quite ideal."

"And do you find the public vary from day to day in their appreciation of any given play?"

"Certainly, but more especially in comic opera; if there is any music, they applaud a great deal more, and each performer is pretty sure of a reception. I suppose the singing affects them favourably," and Miss Moore laughs. "You know I love singing, but, still, any lively part thoroughly suits me, and, as I was saying to my husband only the other day—"

"Then you are one of those who believe in matrimony for members of the profession? Or is yours the exception which proves the rule?"

"Well, I am not one of those who consider that a husband and wife should always act together; in fact, I have only acted with my husband, Mr. H. V. Esmond, twice in my life, in 'The Middleman'—that was when I first made his acquaintance," she adds in parenthesis, "and then once again during a nine days' run."

SMALL TALK.

A particularly interesting sale will take place at Christie's historic rooms in King Street on May 4, 5, and 6. The large collection of objects of art, plate, furniture, and pictures are Viscount Clifden's, and many of them once adorned the stately rooms of the late Lord Dover's beautiful house in Whitehall, which is now the office of the Secretary for Scotland. The silver and silver-gilt plate, both of English and foreign manufacture, is remarkably fine, and the furniture of the Louis XV. and Louis XVI. periods is very beautiful. Among the latter, by-the-way, is a magnificent library table of tulip wood, which is inlaid with twenty-four square plaques of old Sèvres porcelain. This, if I remember rightly, is the celebrated table which was sold by young Viscount Clifden a good many years ago—before he was of age, in fact—to a Bond Street dealer, once a familiar figure in the West End, and which that astute gentleman was compelled by the Courts of Law, whose aid had been invoked by the trustees or executors, to restore to its home at Dover House. The collection of pictures is not large, but each work is well known and of importance. The beautiful Sir Joshua "Nelly O'Brien," one of the gems of the late Lord Dover's collection, is not, however, among them. There are several historic works by Velasquez and Rembrandt, and two sketch-books by Vandyck, once the property of Sir Peter Lely, are not the least interesting "lot" in the sale.

The Eighty Club mustered in full force on Wednesday at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours. Mrs. David Ainsworth received the guests, assisted by Mr. Ainsworth, M.P., and thereafter the company took one of the famous "three courses." Some discussed the people, others discussed the pictures—only a minority—and the rest discussed the hospitality! Among the throng were several members of Parliament and not a few Liberal candidates and their wives. The company was reinforced later in the evening by certain guests from the Speaker's dinner, who seemed not a little embarrassed by the unusual accoutrement of a sword. Mr. T. Snape, M.P., made a picturesque figure in levée dress; the Hon. Stuart Erskine made a careful examination of the pictures; Mr. Herbert Gladstone was an attentive listener to the Anglo-Hungarian Band; Dr. Fox and Mr. Vesey Knox were almost the only Irish M.P.'s present, if we except Mr. T. P. O'Connor, whom one always regards in that light. The ladies' dresses were not unusually remarkable. One train looked like a ray of moonlight; pale blues, greens, and pinks were in the ascendant. Journalism was to the fore in the persons of Mr. P. W. Clayden, Mr. H. W. Massingham, Mr. E. T. Cook, Mr. H. W. Lucy, and others. The soirée was a decided success.

After mastering the intricacies of the passages in the fine building adjoining the Garrick Theatre, I succeeded in attending the first of a series of three spring recitals by Miss Florence Bourne and Mr. Alexander Watson, in St. Martin's Town Hall, which took place last Wednesday evening. I had just had time to admire the elegantly decorated platform, when Miss Madge Conroy appeared at the piano and played in good style Chaminade's "Toccata." Next, Mr. Watson and Miss Florence Bourne gave a scene from "The Merchant of Venice," which won deserved applause. With the memory of Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry rendering the same scene, minus stage accessories, on a hot July afternoon in St. James's Hall, I can sincerely compliment Mr. Watson and Miss Florence Bourne. A selection from Tennyson's "Guinevere," recited by Miss Bourne, was spoilt by exaggeration of voice. Mr. Watson gave in thoroughly natural style Carleton's amusing skit, "The New Lochinvar"; and Mr. Conway Dixon displayed a pleasant voice and refined method in a song by Miss Conroy, which was encored. For the first time in public, a duologue, translated from the Danish of Otto Benzon, entitled "Accidents," was cleverly acted in costume by Mr. Watson and Miss Florence Bourne. Miss Mary Chatterton's ability as a harpist was demonstrated by her playing a delightful solo, and then Mr. Watson recited "The Flight of Little Em'ly." In this he lives in the characters he portrays: we lose the actor in a picture of Peggotty. Every touch tells, every inflection of the voice has its rightful effect. To hear Mr. Watson give a selection from Dickens is to hear him at his best. The programme, which attracted a large audience, concluded with a selection from "The School for Scandal," admirably rendered. On May 11 the next recital takes place.

In a country village, last Sunday week, when the broad blue sky was unflecked by the tiniest cloud, and the sun shone with almost July fierceness on hedges already white with hawthorn blossom, a little maid of six trudged sturdily along, grasping with both hands a horn-handled "Gamp" of colossal dimensions. Near the churchyard gate the parson overtook her, and inquired the reason for her carrying this monstrous umbrella. Dropping a short series of curtsies, she replied, "Please Sir, father said as 'ow you was a goin' to pray for rain, so, as I 'ad got my best frock on, I just borrowed gran'mother's umbereller."

The sad news with regard to Mr. Edwin Booth will recall to many playgoers his visit to England just a dozen years ago. Though Mr. Booth is hardly, I think, likely to go down to posterity as a great actor, he was, undoubtedly, a very admirable one. Wanting in height, he was gifted by nature with a beautiful voice and a fine stage face. Few who saw his Richelieu will forget that altogether excellent

performance. The wily Cardinal of Lytton's artificial but effective play made no demands upon the actor's resources that he was not amply able to fulfil. His exposition of Shaksperian characters, though by no means so satisfying, was invariably interesting and praiseworthy. At the Lyceum he alternated with Mr. Irving for a few nights the characters of Othello and Iago, in which series of performances, I think, he bore off the laurels as the Moor, while his English rival showed to the greater advantage as the treacherous ancient. It was in the Royal Academy of 1881, I believe, that the Hon. J. Collier's splendid portrait of Booth as Richelieu, one of that artist's most successful efforts, was exhibited.

Miss Alma Murray's first dramatic recital at Queen's Gate Hall last week was a complete success. The charming actress has an exquisite voice, faultless elocution, and the faculty of concentrating in a scene or a poem the essence of the character or situation given to aid her in her new departure as a reciter. The programme was a thoroughly artistic and distinctive one, and was received with marked favour by a large audience. Excerpts from Browning's "Pippa Passes," and from Mr. Alfred Forman's fine translation of Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde" evoked the greatest enthusiasm. In the Shaksperian scenes Miss Murray was adequately supported by Mr. Treherne, and the musical part of the entertainment was provided very pleasantly by Mr. Louis Parker and Miss Elsie Holme. Miss Alma Murray's next recital will take place at the Hampstead Conservatoire on the evening of May 10, when one of the most interesting items in an excellent programme will be Shelley's magnificent fragment, "Ginevra," to which Mr. Louis Parker has written a musical accompaniment.

A Home Rule journalist has decided that there was no enthusiasm displayed on the occasion of Mr. Balfour's visit to Belfast. This comfortable conclusion is arrived at from a microscopic study of the admirable reproduction of the scene in Donegall Place, which was given in the *Illustrated London News* two or three weeks ago. "There is not more than one hat off in the crowd, and not a single handkerchief waving in the air," says this partisan commentator exultingly. The vast crowd, however, is so closely packed that anyone save a bigoted politician could see, I should think, that to wave either hats or handkerchiefs would be what Mrs. Partington called a "model impossibility."

The blind leading the blind, and yet escaping the inevitable ditch, is a spectacle that may be observed by frequenters of Burlington Gardens and the adjoining thoroughfares regularly every quarter. For the space of about a week in each three months all sorts and conditions of blind folk may be seen making their way to the big house in Burlington Gardens that once belonged to that hero of Waterloo, the Marquis of Anglesey, and is now a branch of "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street." Some of these "sightless ones" come absolutely alone, sometimes, as I have said, a couple arrive together, and sometimes—most frequently, indeed—they are guided by friends whose vision is intact. All are the recipients of an annuity from a charity founded by the late Mr. Day, the senior partner of the great blacking manufacturing firm. Mr. Day was himself blind, and left £125,000 of his large fortune to found the charity in question. I believe his will—he died in 1836, by-the-way—was disputed, but the suit was compromised or the Court pronounced in its favour, and now nearly 250 annuitants derive either £12, £16, or £20 per annum from the interest on the bequest.

Lord Ebury, who is the Father of the Upper House, has just entered his ninety-third year. The venerable nobleman spends most of his time at Moor Park, near Rickmansworth, a beautiful old place full of historic memories. 'Twas here the widow of the ill-fated Monmouth heard the news of her husband's execution, in memory of which sad event she ordered the oaks in the park to be beheaded. This wholesale decapitation of two centuries ago has produced the finest pollarded oaks in the kingdom, oaks for which Moor Park is famous. Lord Ebury, who, by-the-way, was one of the boldest riders to hounds, has always loved a country life, and has taken a lively interest in his poorer neighbours, with whom he is, as he well deserves to be, remarkably popular.

In a railway carriage, the other afternoon, an ardent Unionist inquired of the company generally how long we thought the alliance between Gladstone and his Irish followers—or leaders?—would last if once the Home Rule Bill became law. When I was a lad, a navy, who had been injured on the South Devon Railway, was lying apparently at the point of death in the local infirmary. Our parson was most anxious that he should make his exit at peace with all his enemies, and after much persuasion induced him to consent to be reconciled to a fellow-workman, with whom he had long been at daggers drawn. The meeting and the reconciliation took place, and as his quondam foreman turned to go the patient beckoned him back. "Bill," hoarsely whispered the injured man in broad Devon, "Bill, if I gets over this 'ere, things is to be as 't was?" I wondered when our Unionist orator asked his conundrum the other day how "things" would be with the G.O.M. and the Patriots if the Government "gets over this 'ere" little difficulty of Home Rule.

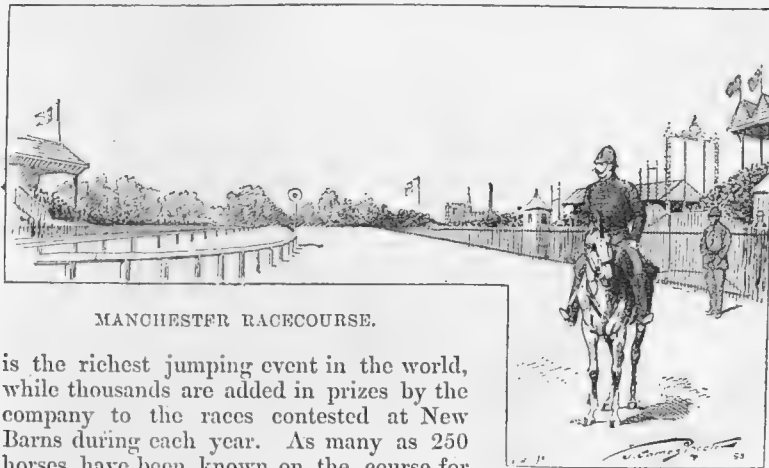
Though Mrs. McKerrow conducted her own case in the recent divorce proceedings brought by her against her husband, she was not without legal advice on the subject. The whole of the case, she explains, was entrusted to an eminent firm of solicitors, to a member of which the evidence in each instance was first submitted.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

ALL ABROAD

As I have before stated, Portsmouth Park is now under entirely new management, and the money for carrying on the show in the future is to be found by the young millionaire, Mr. R. Leigh, who has already made Lingfield a partial success. The new Secretary of Portsmouth Park is Mr. Allison, the "Special Commissioner" of the *Sportsman*, who certainly has a wide knowledge of the racehorse and his ways. Mr. Allison was managing director of the Cobham Stud, and at the present time he is directing a large company which has been started to buy, sell, insure, and carry racehorses. I predict a speedy success for Portsmouth Park if more local colouring is given to the meeting, and if the neighbouring trainers, such as John Porter, Tom Cannon, Alfred Day, the brothers Stevens, Prince, and others, can be induced to run their horses on the course, which is now getting sound going. The shilling gate, which has made Hurst Park such a success, should be adhered to, and race cards ought to be sold at not more than threepence each.

It is rumoured that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales may patronise the Whitsuntide Meeting at Manchester, and as Lord Marcus Beresford is manager of the club there may be some foundation for the rumour. As is well known, the shareholders in the Manchester Course get dividends which at times amount to over forty per cent. per annum, and it is gratifying to learn that the Ship Canal will not do away with New Barns. They are a sport-loving folk at Manchester, as racing took place at Cottonopolis so far back as 1760, when, however, £50 prizes were considered sufficient to compete for. Now the Lancashire Steeplechase



MANCHESTER RACECOURSE.

is the richest jumping event in the world, while thousands are added in prizes by the company to the races contested at New Barns during each year. As many as 250 horses have been known on the course for a November Meeting, and all fodder is supplied free. The racecourse is nearly one mile and a half in circumference and perfectly flat. The five-furlong course, which is fifty yards wide at the starting-point, is quite straight. In winter it is a common occurrence for owners to keep their horses at Manchester from one meeting to another, for there is a gallop nine furlongs in length and twelve yards wide which never gets hard beyond the surface even in the severest weather. There is not another tan gallop at any training quarter which will permit of more than three horses galloping abreast, but a width of thirty-six feet permits almost anything being done in the way of exercise.

Future events are not engaging much attention just now. No blow is likely to be struck over the Chester Cup before the numbers have gone up, and yet it is not many years since the cup was a big medium of speculation each year at Christmas time. The Duke of Westminster will, perhaps, have an animal running in the race this year, but nothing can beat Red Eagle if he goes to the post fit and well. Lord Newton is a thorough sportsman, and the victory of his horse would be well received in racing circles. The Jubilee Stakes is not exciting so much attention as usual, as it is impossible to train properly many of the horses engaged owing to the hardness of the ground. I think whatever beats Gangway will win, as Percy Peck's horses are gradually coming into form, and he ought to be able to tell exactly what chance Gangway has of winning at Kempton.

Tom Loates feels very confident of winning the Derby for Mr. McCalmont on Isinglass, and, strange to say, he is a good judge of a horse's chance, although jockeys as a rule are the worst of tipsters. I know one who holds a prominent position in the winning list to-day. A few years back he sent daily some "good things" for his own father to back, with the result that the old man soon lost a lot of money. Very few of our jockeys know anything about the fitness of a horse, to say nothing of his make and shape.

It is passing strange that the Jockey Club should have given next Saturday for a one-day meeting at Hurst Park, but probably the Turf Senators knew that Cockney sportsmen would fight shy of Newmarket as usual, and would, therefore, require a little entertainment of some sort. I still think Hurst Park will become a big success, but Sir Matthew Wood might add to his entertainment by employing a military band—at least, for all meetings held at this enclosure during the summer months. Then, again, an entrance-gate should be erected just beyond Tagg's boathouse, so that foot-passengers might walk to the Grand Stand on the grass, and not, as at present is the case, get crowded off the river path.

The Italian silver wedding festivities, remarkable as they have been for their picturesque enthusiasm over the event, regarded from the purely domestic point of view, are much more significant to the outside world by the reception of the German Emperor and the isolated position of France. The interviews, both of the Emperor and Baron Marschall von Biberstein, the German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, with the Pope have caused a great sensation, but the Radical press of Germany denounce the Kaiser's gifts to such an opponent of the Triple Alliance as Cardinal Rampolla.

Herr Ahlwardt raised another scene, but carried his point, in the Reichstag over the appointment of a committee to examine his two hundredweight of anti-Semitic documents. "Villain," "liar," "scamp," "rascal," and "slanderer" were some of the epithets that his indictment of some of his colleagues for their alleged robbing the German nation of millions was met. No sooner is the committee appointed than his charges break down.

Smokeless powder, so far as M. Turpin, of melinite fame, is concerned, has proved itself as obscuring as the old-fashioned explosives. The interpellation in the French Senate over the shortening of his sentence came to nothing beyond talk. In the Chamber it did not even reach that point, a question that was to have been put on the release of M. Turpin being withdrawn in view of the discussion—a fruitless one—in the Senate.

Labour troubles on the Continent include the carpenters' strike in Vienna and the strike at the Loire navy yards. The dockers in Vienna have issued a strong appeal for better wages. Women are largely employed for warehouse work. From early morning to late at night they have to toil in a dust-laden atmosphere. If they begin young at this work they are usually worn out and consumptive at thirty.

Paris attracts more doctors than it can employ, with the result that they are increasingly applying for pecuniary aid to their benevolent association. There is a doctor for every 1185 inhabitants, to say nothing of 1787 midwives.

Out of 505,999 electors in Paris only 190,203 voted in the recent municipal elections.

The feeling of the boy King of Servia against ex-Regents Ristich and Belimarkovitch is shown by the order for them to quit his territory at their earliest possible convenience.

The Belgian Senate have accepted, by fifty-two votes to one, the principle of manhood suffrage with plural voting.

The ethics of the Jesuit Order have never, perhaps, been attacked on the same weighty grounds as they are by Count Paul von Hünsbrück, who has renounced his allegiance to the Society of Jesus. The Jesuit, he says, has to part with almost every shred of individuality, whether of deed, or speech, or even thought.

The recent Dante exhibition, and the unusual prominence that has recently been given to the country of his birth, first in the Pope's Jubilee, then in the Queen's visit to Florence, and lastly in the silver wedding celebrations of the King of Italy, serve to bring the poet most thoroughly up-to-date. "Dante's Pilgrim's Progress" is succinctly sketched by Mrs. Gurney in a pretty book just published by Mr. Stock and illustrated by Mr. Frederic Shields. Such a book is opportune.

The disasters in Zante are driving the panic-stricken peasants to a desperation which, if not checked, may lead to violence and pillage.

M. Van den Kerkhoven, the leader of the Lado expedition in Africa, undertaken by the Independent State, has been accidentally shot dead. The doctor of the expedition has succumbed to natural causes. Major von Wissmann is at the north of Lake Nyassa, where he will erect a protective station. Lieutenant Dhanis has captured Nyangwe, in the Congo State, which is the centre of the slave trade.

The naval review at New York was a great success. The British, Russian, French, Italian, Spanish, and Brazilian ships composed the starboard column, the American, Argentine, Dutch, and German vessels formed the port column, while the three famous caravels headed the two columns, which stretched over a distance of three miles.

The new Panama Canal scheme is being pushed in New York by Count de Kératry, who is described as "a fine type of the Frenchman of the American imagination." It is proposed to raise about £8,000,000, which, he says, would complete the seventy-five kilometres that remain to be cut to make the canal a working possibility. "It will be a business enterprise conducted by business men."

A series of fearful cyclones have devastated Illinois and Wisconsin. In one district between fifty and sixty persons have been killed. Lanes have been made in some towns.



LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

The principal event of last week, and, indeed, of the whole sporting season, was the opening of the new polo club at Bagatelle, in the Bois de Boulogne. The long stretch of beautiful green lawn is simply perfect, and the pretty, rustic-looking club-house is replete with every modern luxury down to electric light. It would be difficult to find anything more charming anywhere. On the opening Saturday it was crowded, several coaches drawn up, and numerous carriages, from huge family barouches down to the little "Dues" so much affected here. The players were as follows: Reds—MM. Manuel d'Escandon (captain), Fauquet-Lemaître, L. d'Errazu, E. d'Escandon. Blues—Prince de Poix (captain), MM. Hartmann, Raoul-Duval, René Raoul-Duval. Vicomte Charles de la Rochefoucauld, mounted on a very smart little black pony, was umpire. After very good play on both sides, Reds won by four goals to love. A very handsome prize was given by the lady members of the club, and took the form of an antique silver jardinière for the captain, and a gold scarf-pin, representing a polo stick, for each of the successful players. As M. Manuel d'Escandon is shortly leaving for Mexico, he returned the prize to the President, Comte d'Uribarren, begging him to ask the committee to accept it as a memento of the first day's match on the new grounds, and suggested that the players' names should be inscribed thereon. This was accordingly done.

It would be difficult to say who was not there, as apparently every known member of Parisian society was present, with a good many visitors from England and America. The dresses generally were very quiet, which cannot be said of the hats, for, with very few exceptions, they were more than startling, and made up of almost impossible colours and materials. One especially attracted my attention, and I mentally photographed it. The foundation of the hat was of vivid-green straw, with a border of the bluest of blue cornflowers running all round the brim. It was turned up in front very abruptly by a bunch of yellow buttercups and dark purple-velvet ribbons, while at the back, resting on the hair, were two sickly-looking bluish-red roses, of that peculiar faded hue considered *chic* because it is new, and which I think hideous and unnatural. This extraordinary headgear was sported by a lady supposed to be quite a leader of fashion. I will not give her name, although I should like to. It fascinated me, and I found myself looking for it all the afternoon, although I shuddered every time I saw it.

The Duchesse de Morny wore black and white silk, with yellow roses in her bonnet, which suited her brunette beauty to perfection; Mrs. John Munroe, who also has a great reputation for always being well dressed, looked very smart in brown crêpe and purple chiffon; Mrs. Elwfa Williams, very pretty in a grey skirt with a pale blue and white silk blouse; Georgina, Lady Dudley wore black crêpon, and looked twice as well as many women half her age and more than her good looks; Lady Edith Ward, in a simple little grey frock; Miss May, blue crêpon; Mrs. Austin Lee, light brown with white lace, and the inevitable little touch of pink which is so becoming to her pretty, sweet-looking face; Princesse de Poix, in a light figured silk, with some beautiful lace; Mrs. Beck, in white, with a pretty shot sunshade, and many others.

From the *Figaro*:

Terrible la logique enfantine!

"Voyons, ma petite Yvonne, je t'ai déjà dit qu'il ne fallait jamais montrer les personnes avec le doigt."

"Avec quoi, alors?"

Last week the weather continued to be abnormally hot, the maximum temperature being 84 deg. Fahr. The country is parched and scorched to a lamentable extent, and, unless rain comes soon, the agricultural loss will be enormous. At Bolbec, in Normandy, water is so scarce that it is being sold at the rate of a penny for six buckets. The population being of the labouring class, the drought is a source of the greatest alarm and distress.

On May 1 was celebrated the golden wedding of the Prince and Princesse de Joinville. The Prince was born at Neuilly in 1818, and was for many years one of the most prominent admirals in the French Navy. He commanded the *Belle Poule* in 1840, when it was given to him to bring the remains of Napoleon home from St. Helena. During the voyage rumours were afloat that war had broken out with England. The Prince instantly called his officers and crew together, and suggested that rather than let the body of their dead emperor and hero fall into the hands of the English he would blow up his ship. This resolution was carried with the greatest unanimity and enthusiasm. Fortunately, there was no need to carry out this heroic and loyal proposition. On May 1, 1843, the Prince married Princesse Françoise, sister of Dom Pedro II., Emperor of Brazil.

The entrance fees to the Meissonier Exhibition in Paris resulted in 50,000 francs after all expenses were paid. The whole sum was devoted to deserving charities.

The Eiffel Tower season is beginning badly. Two suicides took place there last week. One was a young man who dived in a shop. After lurching well on the first stage, he paid his bill with the greatest self-possession and then shot himself through the head. The other was

M. Delarue, a clerk at the Secretariat of the Colonies, who threw himself down from the third stage and was killed instantly.

It appears that Paris is to lose one-fifth of her cabs. The administration of the Department of the Seine has ordered that between April 1 and May 1 the cab companies are to have at least one-fifth of their vehicles provided with automatic machines for counting time and distance. This the proprietors declare themselves unable to accede to; they contend that the manufacturers who have obtained the monopoly of this article from the city have not yet produced a single one of these registers, and that consequently it is impossible to comply with the order.

All strong-minded women take warning from the following: Madame Marie Puget, aged thirty-four, attended a meeting last week, organised by Madame Astié de Valsayre, at the Moulin de la Vierge, in support of woman's rights. Madame Puget addressed the meeting herself, and held forth at great length and with much ability, to the admiration of all present, on this nowadays vital question. However, on her way home the poor lady was made to realise the weakness—physical, at any rate—of her sex, as she was attacked by two well-dressed men in the Rue de Rennes, who struck her with their sticks, kicked her, and only made off when she was lying unconscious on the pavement. The extraordinary part of it is that the unfortunate victim refuses to give any further description of the cowardly ruffians, or information that might lead to their ultimate arrest. I wonder why.

WIFE (on her deathbed): "Promise me, darling, that when I am gone you will never marry again."

BRUTAL HUSBAND: "You can be quite easy on that score, my dear, Catch me doing such a fool's trick twice!"

MIMOSA.

TRAVELLING AT A DIZZY HEIGHT.

The railway disaster on the Canadian Pacific line at Fraser River, already briefly noticed in these pages, occurred on one of the wildest reaches of the gigantic Fraser Cañon. A typical scene is shown in our illustration from a photograph by Mr. M'Munn. The gorge, slashed like a great sword-cut across the Cascade Range, is the route by which the Canadian



LOOKING DOWN THE FRASER CAÑON ABOVE YALE.

Pacific engineers have contrived to carry their railroad through to the Pacific coast. The ninety-mile cañon has seen stirring times, for it is by this route that the gold miners of 1859 reached Cariboo, the northern El Dorado. They had to fight the Indians from rock to rock, from stronghold to stronghold, and a great many headless bodies drifted down to the lower camps as a grim admonition to the world that the Fraser River Expedition was not making "a military promenade." To-day the miners, or what are left of them, have forsaken the old perilous wagon road to go by train; while as to the Indians, their few survivors may be seen hanging by ropes from some impossible crag to get within reach of the big salmon that swarm up the rapids every summer. The Fraser, which probably is a bigger stream than the Rhine, is through the whole length of the cañon a swirling torrent, and it is one of the biggest problems of modern British Columbia to dredge out its bed for gold. There is probably nowhere in the world such a profusion of inaccessible wealth, but hitherto the impossibility of diverting the stream, the size of the obstructing boulders, and the tremendous strength of the current have defeated every attempt to invade this curiously guarded treasury, the golden bed of the Fraser.

"ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

The great Empire "on which the sun never sets" has rarely had such a singer as Mr. Kipling proves himself to be in "A Song of the English" in the current number of the *English Illustrated Magazine*. In his "Song of the Cities" he has drawn a series of miniature pen-pictures, such as might supersede many a sober history of our great dependencies, hitting off in a memorable phrase the characteristics of their cities.

Bombay is queen of them all, fronting the "richest sea with richer hands." Calcutta is "Asia—power on silt, death in my hands, but gold!" Capetown, "snatched and bartered oft from hand to hand," dreams its dream "by rock and heath and pine." Melbourne was "got between greed of gold and dread of drouth." Auckland is "last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart."

Two more Australian banks have stopped. The closing of the London Chartered Bank of Australia makes the fifth important bank failure since the beginning of the year, four of them being within April alone. These involve deposit liabilities of over £37,000,000, of which nearly £15,000,000 is for account of British depositors. The London Chartered has deposit liabilities of £6,588,000, Great Britain contributing two-thirds. The Standard Bank of Australia has stopped for reconstruction.

The Canadian cattle trade, still under the restrictions of the Board of Agriculture, is making vigorous efforts to be free. The deputation of British importers have had a conference at Toronto with the leading exporters of Canada, and have satisfied themselves that there is no trace of pleuro-pneumonia among Canadian cattle.

Canada is the third biggest petroleum producer in the world. The oil has been found in Québec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, and particularly in the North-West Territories, where there seems to be an enormous unexplored oil region.

The struggle between organised labour and organised capital in Australia is declared by a writer in an American engineering magazine to be the most severe, determined, and continuous in the world.

But he waxes enthusiastic on the vast resources of the country. Taking mining alone, he says only a pinch of the mineral wealth in the bowels of the earth has yet been extracted. In Tasmania is the biggest tin mine in the world; in New South Wales the biggest silver mine in the world; in Queensland the biggest gold mine in the world; in South Australia one of the biggest copper mines; around Newcastle, New South Wales, the most extensive coal measures anywhere to be found. But though hundreds of millions of pounds sterling worth of minerals has been raised in Australia, it is certain that thousands of millions remain to be won.

New Zealand has lost its Premier, the Hon. John Ballance, who had been suffering for some time from heart disease. Irish by birth, he emigrated twenty-seven years ago to the colony, and after a run of ill-luck in various trades turned journalist. He entered Parliament in 1875 and rapidly rose. One of his most notable services was his organising the colonial military force known as the Permanent Militia.

British Guiana has a future before it, if Mr. Douglas Young is to be believed. He says there are indications that the colony contains the riches of a California and a Kimberley combined.

Commissioner Johnston, of Nyassaland, has learned that slave raiders are not beaten with impunity. Early in February he attacked a slave gang belonging to Luvonde, the chief of the country lying between Mount Pimbe and M'Poada, and released the captives. The chief retaliated soon after by smashing a boat belonging to the African Lakes Company. Finally, Mr. Johnston was surrounded at Mwapwa, and was gallantly rescued by a small force from H.M. stern-wheel ships Mosquito and Herald, which have been constructed specially for service on the Zambesi.

The Indian frontier troubles are not over. The condition of affairs in Chitral is expected to lead to much trouble before long, the place being full of intriguers. The Kohistanis threaten to advance on the right bank of the Indus. The Indian Tea Association of Calcutta has requested the Chief Commissioner for Assam to take steps to allay the feeling of insecurity prevailing in Cachar, owing to the recent murder and robberies.

Lieutenant-General Sir James C. Dörner, Commander-in-Chief in Madras, has been severely mauled by a tiger.

The latest proposals of the Government of India are for the abolition of the Presidential army system. The new scheme provides for four armies—for north, south, east, and west—each commanded by a lieutenant-general, with a separate command for Burmah, the whole being under the Commander-in-Chief in India.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

By the time these lines are beneath the eyes of our readers the great Spring Exhibition of the year will have thrown open its doors to the public, and the Royal Academy will be a secret no more. It is to be said of the general value of the Royal Academy's Spring Exhibition, which opened its doors to the public on Monday, that its merit is, perhaps, considerably below even the average merit of any ordinary Academy. We say this, not because the worst work hanging upon the walls of Burlington House is below the worst work of years past, but because there is so little which is really striking or which may take the palm of first-class work. The Academicians and the Associates are none of them in very fine trim, and the outsiders whose work is at all noticeable are few and far between.

The note of the Academy is sensation. Mr. Briton Riviere, Mr. Dicksee, R.A., the Hon. John Collier, Mr. Arthur Hacker, M. Gérôme, Mr. Nettleship, Mr. J. E. Christie, even the President (in "Rizpah")—here are a few names which come to the mind without consideration that are identified this year with the production of sensational canvases. It is a pity. It exaggerates the note of the exhibition so tensely that it comes with a kind of wrench to turn away to the quiet and soft qualities of such a picture as, say, Mr. E. A. Waterlow's "Counting her Chickens." Yet, even so gentle an artist as this cannot escape the prevalent epidemic, and in his otherwise very subdued production, "The Old Bridge," the heightened colour of the sky behind the trees, out of key with the remaining scheme, is a painful little effect of melodrama.

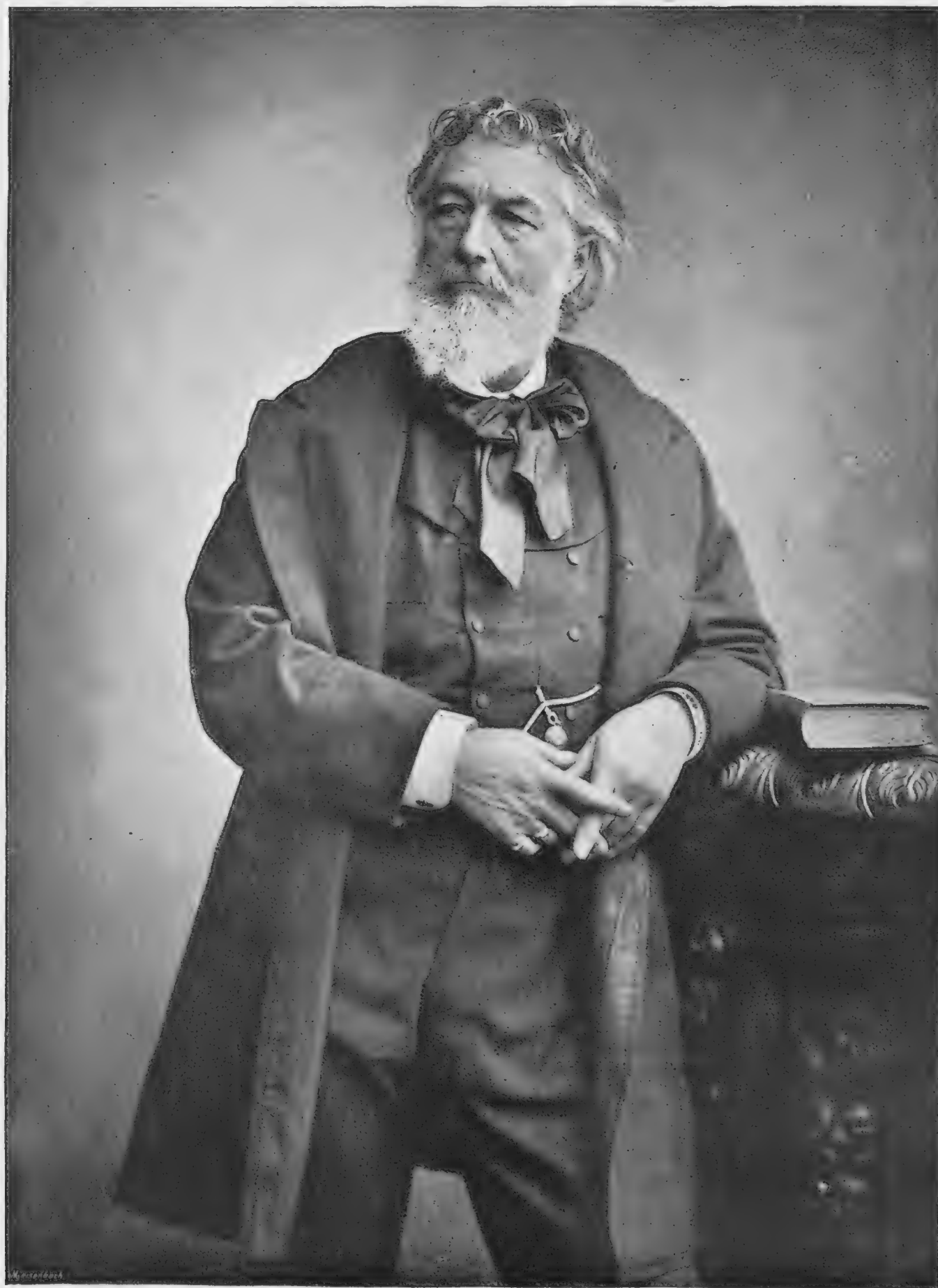
The passion for narrative, too, grows, if anything, with the years. We never remember an Academy with so few pure landscapes in it, and such landscapes as there are do not appear to be very noticeable. There is Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A., and his garden, the overarching trees, and the pair of lovers, this time on their honeymoon; he reads to her, and she, leaning over him, listens to his voice—all in the well-known manner. There is a scene from the life of Handel as a child; the legend of Circe is retold; Mr. Frank Bramley tells the gay story of a jubilee; the Hon. John Collier is tragic with a Cæsar Borgia episode; Mr. Chevallier Tayler is merry with after-dinner conversation; Mr. Waterhouse, Keats in hand, brings "La Belle Dame Sans Merci"; the President sighs a "Farewell"; Mr. Calderon travels three hundred and more years back into English history.

It is not our intention in this preliminary notice to deal separately or in detail with particular pictures: neither with their manner nor with their artistic skill, conception, and artistic fulfilment. It will suffice to put on general record the chief effect, the net realisation, with which a visit to Burlington House inspires one. Landscape is not prominent, we have said, this year. A few landscapes there are, indeed, of more than average merit, a few of considerably less. Mr. B. W. Leader is, of course, prominent with large canvases, such as that which hangs in the first room, "A Hillside Road," which is typical of that painter's customary quality, upon which there is no necessity to enlarge here. Mr. Waterlow sends two, at least, distinguished canvases; and Mr. Adrian Stokes sends one of very fine quality indeed, "On a Cornish Cliff." Mr. Leslie Thomson, also, in a picture which he calls "Brickfields," strikes a sober note among much that is exaggerated and screaming.

Of the anecdotic art, upon which we have touched above, we have said that the chief characteristic is sensation. Mr. Frank Dicksee, for example, has painted a large and flaming canvas of "A Viking's Funeral," from which one departs with an impression of torches, burning ships, strong men, pyres, and a heavy rolling sea. Mr. Christie in his "Red Fisherman" is frankly and unhesitatingly fantastic. The red fisherman, modelled apparently upon Mr. Gladstone, sits by the side of the mere with a half-light thrown upon him, dangling his line among dimly-seen mermen and mermaids, who splash beneath. Or take the Hon. John Collier's anecdote of Cæsar Borgia. The handsome murderer pours out the poisoned wine for his intelligent victim, while the old Pope sits eating his fruit and well understanding. There is real character in the Pope's face. The President's "Rizpah" is also a prominent landmark to note in any such general impression as this. It is certainly an impressive work. The crucified and veiled bodies are undeniably dead, and have something awful in their quietness; the low tones, also, of the whole picture have a striking adequacy. The only two points that call for any adverse comment are these: the melodramatic rolling of the eye of the woman, who is the central figure of the picture, and the stuffed tigers that creep in the background.

The animal subjects are not many. Mr. Swan is, of course, easily ahead of all rivals in this province. Mr. Briton Riviere has a gathering of lions in a large subject picture, and other artists have painted animals in the throes of conflict and agony. Mr. Swan's study for a lion's head, "Duke," displays masterly potentialities.

There are not so many portraits as usual. In the first room Mr. Stanhope Forbes has rather a striking "Portrait of a Lady," in which he shows a distinct mastery over the details of dress, if he is not so completely successful over his treatment of flesh. In the same room hangs a charming portrait of Lady Agnew by Mr. Sargent. Not only is the modelling and character of the face and the painting of the hair full of a resolute yet not untender mastery; the details of drapery and decoration are painted with a sweep and an intelligence which are irresistible by reason of a certain grand note of simplicity and singleness of intention. Only the flesh of the left arm is just a little stringy.



SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, BART., P.R.A.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALERY, REGENT STREET, W.



RIZPAH.—BY SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.
IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



"HIT!"—BY SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.
IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



A BIG DRINK.—BY J. T. NETTLESHIP.
IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



NEWBY BRIDGE, WINDERMERE.—BY ALFRED EAST.
IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



LUCREECE.—BY REGINALD ARTHUR.
IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



THE GOLDEN VALLEY.—BY ALFRED EAST.
IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

A CHAT WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

On the afternoon of my visit to Sir Frederick Leighton his studio looked a little desolate in comparison with its appearance on Show Sunday, when his beautiful pictures were attracting a crowd of admirers. However, I still found much artistic work on the walls of interest, and I could more leisurely examine the numerous examples of Sir Frederick's



Photo by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street, W.

THE STAIRCASE AND HALL.

genius as a sculptor, which filled the recess of the great bay window. A group in the "Daphnephoria" was placed above the lazy figure of "The Sluggard," who looked down on the recumbent form of Iphigenia, having on either side of her models for the "Andromeda," the "Perseus," &c.

"I scarcely know what I can tell you," said Sir Frederick, as he begged me to be seated. "I must warn you, as I do all interviewers, that I decline to discuss general questions of art or contemporary artists."

"I am sorry for that, as I was going to ask your opinion on the young impressionist school, but, of course, now I won't. Perhaps, however, you will not mind expressing an opinion on the present state of illustrated journalism, in which, of course, I am interested."

"Since you ask me, I must reply that I do not see any advance on the decided impetus which was given it some years ago by Holl, Fildes, and Gregory, and the little group of draughtsmen surrounding them. With regard to caricature, I think it fairly holds its own. For instance—but no, I must not single out individual names."



SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON'S STUDY FOR "RIZPAH."

"Speaking of names suggests to me to ask you, Sir Frederick, how you hit on titles for your works."

"Well, really, that is rather difficult to say, the question has such a wide range. I scarcely know to what class of picture you refer. The necessity of the occasion sometimes leaves one no choice, as, for example, in the case of those fresco lunettes over there, executed for South Kensington, as the subject, 'The Industrial Arts in Peace and War,' suggested itself almost as a matter of course. As regards the mode of treatment, I had recourse for the first to Greece, when at the zenith of its greatness in the arts and the splendour of its wealth, and for the other I selected the picturesque period of the Middle Ages, with its armour and other warlike appliances. Then, with regard to that picture over there, 'Solitude,' in which I have endeavoured to paint in terms of humanity the poetic charm and silent solitude of a bit of Scottish scenery composed of massed rock and gliding stream, the subject itself obviously suggests the title. Then, with



SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON'S STUDY FOR "HIT."

regard, say, to 'Rizpah,' I had no need to seek a title. For quite a quarter of a century I have been brooding over painting that subject, so poetical and dramatical, and full of elements for pictorial treatment. Others have painted it before, but I felt I wished to give to it more human interest, and, while imparting uncompromising weirdness to it, yet to keep within the bounds of beauty which art imposes."

"And do you preserve any reticence as to the subject of the picture you are painting?"

"Oh, dear, no! I see no occasion to do so. I do not suppose any artist would purposely adopt another's subject, and if he did, it is very unlikely that there would be any similarity between the two pictures. Indeed, the whole worth of a painting is in its personality, which would be sure to create sufficient distinctiveness."

"I saw that some of the Show Sunday critics remarked on your having given your Atalanta dark hair?"

"And why shouldn't I? It is more likely than not that her hair was dark, the prevailing shade probably, from the fact that fair locks were specially admired by the Greeks, and so we may assume that they were rare."

Then, as my eye travelled over the clay models, it occurred to me to repeat a remark I had heard that the Royal Academy might encourage sculpture somewhat more.

"I should like to know who could have given vent to such a monstrous remark," Sir Frederick replied, with some warmth. "The Academy is the only body devoting any appreciable space to sculpture; as you know, we set apart two large rooms for its exhibition; but I don't put this forward as a claim, because it is a matter of course."

"But do you approve of sculpture being massed together in one hall? Couldn't it be placed about in the picture galleries?"

"Quite impossible. I agree with you so far that a single piece of sculpture is best seen isolated, with an appropriate background, as is sometimes the case—unfortunately, too seldom—in a private house. But at the Academy it could not be placed in the angles of the rooms, for

the pictures would make the worst of backgrounds, and it could not stand in the middle, for the spectators' backs would be turned on it. Besides, what would become of the very necessary settees?"

"To vary the subject, those brilliant Presidential addresses of yours at the Academy dinners must involve much trouble?" I next remarked.

"Without admitting your compliment, I must confess that they do, for I hope I am sufficiently conscious of my responsibility in representing



A STUDY BY SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON.

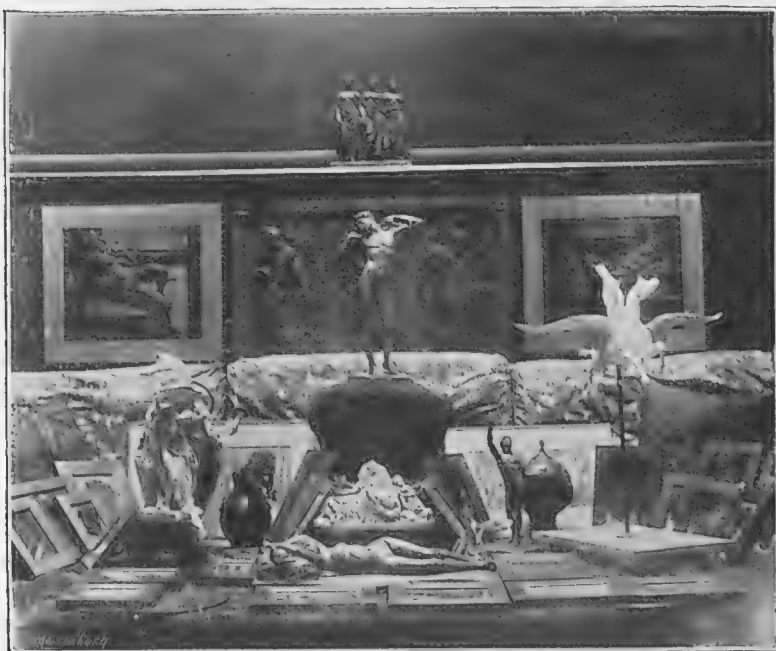
my brother Academicians on the occasion, and it is in remembering what is due to them that I compose the address with all the care of which I am capable."

"I know, Sir Frederick, that you used to be justly credited with a tenor voice. Now, I should like to ask you if you think there is any relation between a love of music and painting?"

"I scarcely understand you. Most artists are fond of music, and to some extent one art has an indirect influence on another; but I think it is a purely fanciful idea to suppose that music can be translated into the painter's work."

"I hope, before I go, Sir Frederick, you will favour *The Sketch* with a few drawings, however slight, for anything from your pencil will have interest for the public."

"You could not have come at a worse time, I fear. However, I will gladly see what I can do for you."



BAY WINDOW IN SIR FREDERICK'S STUDIO.

After ransacking a number of drawers, Sir Frederick let me take away the chalk outline sketches which we give. Accompanying me downstairs on my departure, we spoke of the holiday season, to which artists look forward after the Academy has opened.

"I never spend my holiday elsewhere than abroad, unless it is only for a day or two, then I generally go to a cathedral city. I have just come back from Ely and Peterborough, for I am passionately fond of architecture," he remarked. With a peep into the famous Arab Hall, so often described, I took my leave, reflecting that in the courtly grace, virile form, and handsome features of the President of the Royal Academy Nature had indeed smiled very complacently on Art's most honoured representative.

T. H. L.

A CHAPTER FROM THE BOOK OF KINGS.

The Emperor of Russia has purchased in Copenhagen two rare antique oaken chests: one dated 1619, with five richly carved panels in relief, representing the story of Tobiah, and one with carved representations of the Life of Christ. The two chests cost £500.

An amusing story is told of the Czar. As is well known, he studies most carefully all documents put before him, and is in the habit of making marginal notes of his decisions and views, and often with no attempt at concealment. These annotations of his Majesty are carefully treasured in the Imperial archives, where they are accessible to the functionaries whom they may concern, and by their outspoken nature often cause bitter qualms among high officials.

Thus it happened that the Czar recently, in the margin of the report of a prominent official, wrote the certainly impolite but impressive words, "What an ass!" And the individual thus characterised by his august master was in despair, and begged the Secretary of State, Polovtseff, to bring the matter before his Majesty.

"May it please your Majesty," began Polovtseff, "to strike out these words here, 'What an ass!'" so that they may not for ever be on record in the archives."

"Oh!" Alexander III. interrupted, laughingly, "I quite forgot the archives."

His Majesty thereupon took up a pen, ran through the words "What an ass!" and wrote instead, "What a philosopher!" *Se non è vero, &c.*

A curious story comes from St. Petersburg. At the last Court Ball and consequent supper, so rumour has it, Sir Robert Morier was assigned a seat nearly at the bottom of the table, while the Emir of Bokhara sat in the seat of honour. Against this arrangement Sir Robert is said to have protested to the Master of the Ceremonies, maintaining that the representative of the Queen of England could not "take a back seat" before a Russian vassal. Upon the Czar hearing this, he is said to have remarked: "The British Ambassador appears to forget that the Emir of Bokhara is the guest of the Czar." But was not the British Ambassador the representative of the Queen?

In the volume that has just appeared at the hand of the Duchesse de la Forre, wife of the famous Marshal Serrano, entitled "Choses Vraies," the following remarkable incident is narrated: "On the night of Nov. 26 and 27, 1886, the once 'Iron Regent' lay on his death-bed, when suddenly he rose and demanded authoritatively his uniform, with a desire to go to the Palace. But on his surroundings making no efforts to comply with his request, the dying Marshal exclaimed frantically, 'The King is dying! the King is dying!'" This being believed to be an ebullition of fever, chloral was administered, but in a few hours the Marshal again awoke, repeating his request for his uniform, and demanding to be taken to the dying king. Presently he whispered, "The King is dead." The next morning Madrid learnt of the simultaneous death of Alfonso XII. and his faithful Marshal Serrano.

The German Emperor, who, since his summer trips to the fjords and "the Cape," is enthusiastic over everything Norse, has had twelve beautiful rugs woven for his Norwegian hunting lodge, from patterns dating from the sixteenth century. The rugs have been made by Kjerstina Hauglum, Sogu, who has taken three first prizes for such.

King Oscar has signified his intention of again yachting on the west coast of Sweden next summer, having derived great benefit from last year's cruise. His Majesty's curious, huge steam-yacht, *Drott*, may be remembered from her presence at Cowes a few weeks ago, this vessel having four red funnels. Queen Sophie had a sharp attack of illness last month, but is now quite restored. King Oscar is at present engaged in the fierce fight with the Norwegian Republicans over the separate Consul question.

The King of Annam, who during recent years has passed a pleasant captivity in Algiers, has been removed to Medeah, where he will be under the direct supervision of the general commanding, there having been some fear of his causing trouble in his lost dominions. This monarch, who has now been an exile for twenty-three years, has become completely Frenchified as regards dress, habits, and language, rides a bicycle, and is an enthusiastic amateur photographer. He is allowed 25,000 francs a year.

All is not gold that glitters. The truism has been demonstrated once more, for the "throne of gold" of the King of Dahomey, seized by General Dodds, and of which we have heard so much, has been found to be but of gilt wood, having been made by a Hamburg cabinet-maker.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

For some days the few frivolous persons who venture upon so serious an organ as the *Standard* (for we of *The Sketch* don't feel bound to allude to that paper under the transparently clear but somewhat cumbrous disguise of "our eminently respectable contemporary") have been amused by the following advertisement: "A Gentleman of Means desires introduction to Theatrical and Bohemian Society. Liberal terms to any lady or gentleman who can arrange this. Strict confidence may be relied on.—Write to, &c."

Failing the eminent Sherlock Holmes, who is, of course, thoroughly acquainted with the affairs of the Bohemian kingdom already, some amateur detective might do worse than busy himself with the mystery that lies beneath this advertisement. Is it from a youth of the Jubilee Juggins order, with plethoric pocket and attenuated brain—the former, alas! soon to be reduced without enriching the latter? Is it from somebody like Gondremark, in "La Vie Parisienne," impressed and inspired with a thirst after wickedness, but uninstructed as to what it is and where it is to be found?

Perhaps so. Bring a youth up with great strictness and seclusion, then turn him loose on the world with money in his purse, and he will yearn after naughtiness, yet with a certain shamefacedness—both of which characteristics peep out from the advertisement in question. He longs for "theatrical and Bohemian society," as an American beauty might long for a lord, a provincial mayor for knighthood, or a French parvenu for an invitation to the Faubourg St. Germain. Yet, though he is willing to purchase his initiation into the unconventional at a great price, "strict confidence may be relied on"—for his own sake, no less than for the sake of his mentor—or mentrix, to coin a convenient barbarism.

One rather wonders from what books the Gentleman of Means formed his conception of "theatrical and Bohemian society"; what he conceives to be its characteristics; whether he will know it when he gets into it; whether he will like it when he knows it; whether there be any such thing as T. and B. S., and, if so, what and where? Will the Gentleman of Means enjoy its wild delights in moderation, or will he become a gentleman of extremes? Will he find safe harbourage on the sea-coast of Bohemia, or be devoured, like Antigonus, by the wild beasts that lurk there?

Or shall we some day behold in the advertisement columns of the *Standard* a notice somewhat after this form: "A Gentleman, not yet entirely destitute of means, desires extrication from Theatrical and Bohemian Society. Any lady or gentleman arranging this may take what he has left.—Address, &c."

For, really, the "theatrical and Bohemian society" into which this daring diver wishes to plunge has as many circles as Dante's Inferno, and some of them very nearly as unpleasant. Consider the range of dramatic acquaintance, from the princely actor-manager to the shabbiest of supers, from the magnificent leading lady to the ladies who describe themselves as actresses—in the charge-sheets.

And "Bohemian" is a term of wider range and vaguer significance still. Artists may be considered Bohemian; so may artists' models. Poets are Bohemian; yet why not pugilists also? It is evident that the mere absence of respectability does not make Bohemia; vice has its conventions no less than virtue, and some of them far more ridiculous and unnecessary than virtue ever devised. Sundry "gentlemen of means," in whom the "means" are plainer to view than the "gentleman," fondly imagine that they are dashing, original, and inventive dogs, when they are dully stumbling round one mill-horse grind of tedious pleasure, without sufficient originality to choose even an unwonted brand of cigars or champagne. And this should be easy to do, for, to judge by contemporary wine-lists, there seems to be a separate firm to every bottle.

Yet these youths, doing what others do, because others do it, consider themselves original and Bohemian, while wearing the same clothes, telling the same stupid stories, singing the same stupid songs, drinking too much of the same wines, and getting "chucked" from the same restaurants as the whole body of their friends. No, Bohemia is not here. The essence of Bohemia is in its romantic and unexpected element.

Tried by this test, it is obvious that Bohemia, the real, the spiritual Bohemia, is not to be located anywhere. A sprinkling of true Bohemians exists in all large centres of population, but they are few in

number. For the real Bohemian is not merely the reckless and unusual person; he is the man who deliberately disregards convention, and invariably thinks for himself, and acts in consequence of his thought. He disregards convention, simply because convention narrows the field of deliberate will. He is interesting and picturesque simply because he always retains his individuality. He is himself, in fact—neither tyrannised over by the convention of society which we personify as Mrs. Grundy, nor yet ruled by second-hand views of books like Rudyard Kipling's Tomlinson.

Such is the true Bohemian, from whence it follows that what we call "Bohemia" is a mere inferior imitation of that noble country. An artist who wears a brown velvet coat, or a musician whose head is as a penwiper, may consider himself Bohemian, while in reality the slave to his class convention. The musician who dares to have his hair cut short is far more likely to be a really original person than his shaggy comrades in art, and is therefore more Bohemian.

But the world goes by the outside, and he who is merely *banal* in a sufficiently small minority will be hailed or dreaded—which is even better—as Bohemian, and "gentlemen of means" will give "liberal terms" to any lady or gentleman who can introduce them to him and his like.

And then the craving for theatrical society—how pathetic it is. That actors and actresses should like the stage is natural enough; they live by it, it is their chosen field of action, and it gives them that keenest of all pleasures, the consciousness of power over a large audience. But that persons from the audience should want to see the wrong side of the beautiful fabric they have been admiring; that they should rejoice in scanning the unpainted side of the canvas, the box of the moonlight, in noting how the stealthy villain stands waiting at the wings in full view of his unsuspecting victim; that they should delight in turning their illusions inside out, and proving that they were fools to be gratified by the performance—this is almost incredible.

We have not so many fair visions that we should spoil those that we have; we are losing the faculty of enjoying even the play. Elizabethan audiences were thrilled by companies playing on bare stages, in incongruous dresses, and with mere boys aping the graces of Rosalind, or Portia, or Juliet. We have our dramas, with scenery designed by artists and archaeologists, with costumes copied from mosaics or ancient pictures, and made of materials woven on hand-loomes expressly for the occasion, in patterns taken from missals or vases. Not the hang of a drapery, not the clasp of a sandal may deviate from accuracy; and yet we yawn, and fall to talking of how the leading lady makes up, and whether the great So-and-So is as inarticulate as usual in this play. He is always the great So-and-So to us, never for a moment the part he is playing.

And so on throughout. Poor as we are in the power of imagination, we are resolutely divesting ourselves of what rags of illusion still cling about us. Even melodrama is losing its hold on us; even Adelphi dramatists are sophisticated into giving us a weak and contemptible hero, but a shade better than the villain, and Adelphi audiences do not rise and cry, "Give us back our hero!"

In politics a casual observer may glean an occasional bit of humour; and there was a delightful gleam of human nature in the story of Mr. Gladstone's reception of the Unionist deputation. The aged Premier complained that the members of the deputation had presented him with the longest statement of views that he had ever seen, and had followed this up by making interminable speeches.

Whereto the deputationists replied that some of them had spoken for about twenty minutes in all, being interrupted by the Premier not a few times, and that the Premier aforesaid had then confuted them for the space of forty-and-odd minutes by the clock—which, for one who ostensibly desired to receive rather than impart information, was pretty well.

After this the complaint of "interminable" speeches is refreshingly human. It reminds me of a Western story, repeated by Mark Twain somewhere. A certain great man of the West having died of calling another great man a liar, his sorrowing friends mourned him in a banquet of appropriate magnificence, costing 30 dols. After the feast the surviving members of the committee called on the treasurer for his balance-sheet. There were only two items of expense—Whisky, 29 dols; bread, 1 dol. So the committee censured the treasurer for wasting that "interminable" amount on bread. MARMITON.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The May Day of this year of grace will long be a red-letter day, for the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, opened on this date, marks the most impressive review of the progress of its civilisation the world

commemorated by the Fair? Altogether, no more appropriate day could have been found for so great an occasion. All the nations of Europe are bound to the United States by the millions of emigrants who are now its citizens, and the Fair, as has been well remarked, is a tender to the Old World of the hospitalities of the New—a comingling of the Asiatic and European nations with the seventeen republics of the

Western Hemisphere. Chicago is an ideal site for such an Exposition. Situated 962 miles from New York and 2360 miles from San Francisco, and nearly on a direct line between these two great sea-coast cities, it is the inter-ocean dépôt between the Atlantic and Pacific. It has 35,000 miles of railroad radiating to every point of the compass. It has also the gateway position of the lakes, offering a water route of 2000 miles to the eastern sea-coast and to all the seaports of the world. The Exposition, which is held in Jackson Park, in the south-eastern portion of the city, occupies four times the space that the Paris Exposition of 1889 did. It has a frontage of two miles on Lake Michigan, the second largest body of fresh water on the globe—in fact, everything is on a gigantic scale. The most delightful, probably, though not the speediest means by which the visitor may reach the Exposition grounds is by steamboat on Lake Michigan. A ride of six miles from the embarking point on the Lake Front Park, with the towers and gilt domes of the fair buildings constantly in sight, will take him there. When abreast of the site, a grand spectacle of surpassing magnificence is before him—the vast extent of the beautiful park, the windings of the lagoon, the superb array of scores of great buildings, elegant and imposing in their architecture, and gay with myriads of flags and streamers floating from their pinnacles and towers. In the northern portion of the grounds he will see a picturesque group of buildings, perhaps forty or fifty of them, constituting a veritable village of palaces. Here, on a hundred acres or more, beautifully laid out, are the buildings of foreign nations and of a number of the States of the Union, surrounded by lawns, walks, and beds of flowers and shrubbery.

The classification of the Fair embraces thirteen departments—Agriculture, Horticulture, Live Stock, Fisheries, Mining, Machinery, Transport, Manufactures, Electricity, Fine Arts, Liberal Arts, Ethnology and Archaeology, Forestry. These are sub-divided into 176 groups and 967 classes. The cost of constructing buildings and the preparatory expenses have amounted to £3,750,000. The Manufactures Building is the largest structure in the world, covering 30½ acres of ground, and having



has seen. May Day has come to be the worker's own, but never before has it been signalised by such a display of his achievements in the past and his potentialities for the future as it was this year at Chicago. Further, the day always marks the beginning of the most hopeful season of the year, and what era in history has borne such fruit as the discovery of America by Columbus, the four-hundredth anniversary of which is

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13½ acres of gallery space. A million men could stand at once on the floor; and yet, enormous as the place is, the demand for space for manufacture exhibits alone aggregated four times the available room. Opposite Machinery Hall is the Exposition Administration Building, one of the most imposing, and, in proportion to its size, by far the most expensive of the large structures. Stately and simple,

is the Congress Auxiliary, which is a central organisation authorised by the Directory of the Columbian Exposition, and recognised by the United States Government as the proper agency to conduct a series of World's Congresses in connection with the Exposition. The work the Auxiliary will do is to bring all the departments of human progress into harmonious relations with each other in the Exposition of 1893; to crown the whole work by the formation and adoption of better and more comprehensive plans than have hitherto been made to promote the progress, prosperity, unity, peace, and happiness of the world,

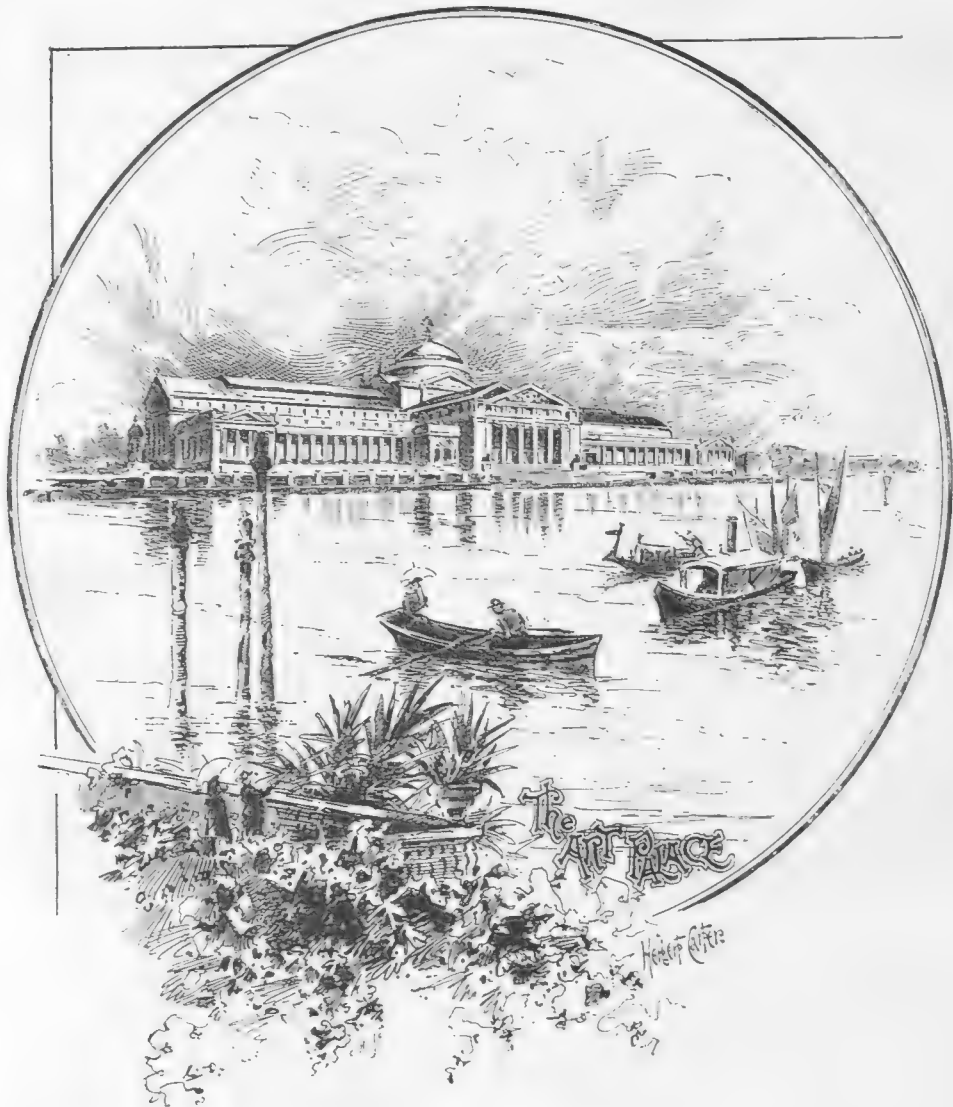


Photo by Walery, Regent Street, W.
SIR HENRY TRUEMAN WOOD.

it is exceedingly striking in appearance and an excellent representative of Italian Renaissance. It is adorned with scores of figures, and is surmounted by a gilt dome rising 250 ft. In it are the offices of the National Commission and Local Directory, and the head-quarters of all the numerous officials connected with the management and administration of the Exposition. Besides the principal Exposition buildings, there are numerous smaller structures for the several States of the Union and for foreign countries, among which must be numbered the Victoria Building, which is the British head-quarters at the Fair. Great Britain occupies 500,000 square feet, of which 300,000 have been allotted to the Colonies. The British Section, it may be remembered, is under the charge of the Council of the Society of Arts, which was appointed a Royal Commission for the purpose, with Sir Henry Trueman Wood as its secretary. Sir Henry is one of the most experienced and efficient men connected with the World's Fair. His first work in this field was in connection with the Health and Inventions Exhibitions, which were held respectively in 1884 and 1885. When the British Government refused official recognition to the Paris Exposition of 1889, Sir Henry, as secretary of the Society of Arts, accomplished such admirable results in surmounting the difficulties in the way of exhibit that he was made an officer of the French Legion of Honour and a knight by his Sovereign. The exhibit of Great Britain will be the largest it has ever made at an international Fair. The ramifications of the Fair seem to be endless. Not the least interesting

and to secure the effectual prosecution of such plans by the organisation of a series of world-wide fraternities, through whose efforts and influence the moral and intellectual forces of mankind may be made dominant throughout the world. Among the general divisions of the exercises the following important subjects will have a prominent place: Women's progress, the public press, medicine, temperance, moral and social reforms, commerce and finance, music, literature, education, engineering, art, government, science and philosophy, labour, religion, Sunday rest, public health, and agriculture. Looked at from any point of view, the World's Fair will be found to be a unique record of human progress, and it can scarcely be wondered that the whole of the United States are jubilant over the achievement which commemorates so notable a point in their history.



THE VICTORIA BUILDING: OFFICES OF THE BRITISH SECTION OF THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE FALL OF THE FAVOURITE.

A STORY OF THE "TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS."

BY ARCHIE ARMSTRONG.



IN the smoking-room of the newest thing in sporting clubs, towards the close of a fine day in May, the Hon. Loftus Belchamber and Dudley Doyle, Esq., quenched their thirst. They had foregathered in the card-room two days before, both being then members of one day's standing only. Thenewest thing in sporting clubs was not doing well owing to the severity of competition and

certain eccentricities on the part of its original secretary, so they had found themselves alone, initiated their chance introduction with a game of piquet, cemented their rapidly ripening friendship with mineral waters diluted with brandy, and become staunch allies within the limits of forty-eight hours.

They had many kindred tastes to unite them, and the one common circumstance that each had approached the other in the hopes of finding a richer man, and each had been mistaken. Mr. Loftus Belchamber had had to profess himself "stony-broke," and Mr. Doyle had varied the expression by declaring himself "pebbly-beached," terms which had a meaning for them if not for the general public. And as they smoked their eighteen-penny cigars and consumed ardent spirits of undoubted costliness they discussed their prospects of raising the wind. Their worldly goods, as recognisable by a registrar in bankruptcy, were limited to a few hundred pounds, the relics of small fortunes each had come into on his not very distant twenty-first birthday, a fair amount of gorgeous clothing and a little masculine jewellery. As additional assets not recognisable at law, they severally counted a relationship of the Hon. Loftus Belchamber, through his mother, to the Earl of Beckenham, and the fact that Mr. Doyle had preserved a reputation for affluence with one or two members of Tattersall's, to whom he had been a source of income for some little time. A nodding acquaintance with a bookmaker is often worth more than a bosom friendship with a banker, particularly if the latter keeps your account. They appeared from their conversation at the club to share the acquaintance of one Lathom, a gentleman spoken of in the papers studied by the "men of the moment" as a "Leviathan penciller." Mr. Belchamber always looked mysterious when Mr. Lathom's name was mentioned, but it may be added that Lord Beckenham owned the favourite for the Two Thousand Guineas and Derby, as well as other horses, and that Mr. Belchamber, though he had long been cut by his Lordship, was on fairly friendly terms with other members of his family. A bookmaker, if he is to be omniscient, must derive information from somewhere, and Mr. Lathom had certainly had some wonderful luck in the downfall of favourites against whom his book had been thought to be overlaid.

"It seems very simple," said Mr. Belchamber as they finished their conversation at the newest thing in sporting clubs.

"Simplicity is strength," replied Mr. Doyle, and wondered whether he had quoted Shakspeare or delivered himself of an epigram; and so they parted.

Two days later Mr. Lathom, Turf accountant and commission agent—that was how he was wont to describe himself—was eating his breakfast in his little villa not a hundred miles from Lord's Cricket Ground, at a late hour for him, but with an appetite which even a visit to a glove-fight in the small hours of the morning had not affected, his nerves and liver being proof even against the champagne of his favourite sporting club. He had been rather disturbed, however, by a telegram he had received from a source which he recognised as Mr. Loftus Belchamber. Mr. Lathom was reputed among those who know everything to have backed Lord Beckenham's horse early on his own account, and to have been particularly unwilling to lay it ever since. Even bookmakers have their fancies. They would not be human if they had not, and would also all become millionaires.

"H. R. done for. Doubt his starting.—L. B."

It emanated from the Rowley Down office, and at Rowley Down Home Rule was being trained for Lord Beckenham for the Two Thousand, so, if true, it meant a good deal to Mr. Lathom.

"Confound it! I forgot to give him that cipher," said Mr. Lathom.

"Mr. Dudley Doyle."

Mr. Lathom's man-servant made the announcement in a voice which sounded as if he was shouting the odds, as, indeed, he was accustomed to do. It did not startle his master, though he dropped the letter he was reading over the open telegram. Mr. Doyle, however, jumped rather; his nerves did not seem to be in perfect condition.

"Hullo, Lathom, you look pretty fit!" The bookmaker winked; he did not suppose Mr. Doyle had come to compliment him on his healthy appearance. No more he had. He brought out his business with a rush. "I looked in on my way to the City—have to get there before I go down to Sandown—want to back Home Rule for the Guineas. What are you laying? I've a good amount to put on." Mr. Doyle had occasionally betted for his friends, and Mr. Lathom knew it.

"Twos," he said laconically.

"Twos," laughed Mr. Doyle. "Why, my dear fellow, you are not quite as up to date as usual. The horse is wrong. They are laying fives all over the place. I got sixes to a small amount on my way here."

Mr. Doyle looked at the table as he spoke, and caught sight of a corner of pink paper hidden among the letters. Besides, he had a telegram in his own pocket also from Rowley Down.

"Old rascal!" said Mr. Doyle, under his breath.

"What?" said the bookmaker, glancing up at him. He had been thinking.

"Nothing. Come, now, what will you do? Look sharp, anyhow. Of course, I want to back him, because I believe the report has been exaggerated; but I must get on quick. Won't you lay? I suppose you know he's really all right—eh?"

Mr. Lathom glanced involuntarily at the papers on the table as Mr. Doyle walked to the door. He thought Mr. Doyle really wanted to draw from him what information he might have.

"I'll lay you five monkeys, Mr. Doyle," he said quietly.

"Make it half a point more, and I'm good for a thousand," said the other, turning back.

Perhaps having backed the horse himself warped his judgment; perhaps the champagne of the night before had clouded his brain imperceptibly, and he was not feeling quite well, while Mr. Doyle seemed almost indifferent.

"Right you are, Sir; five thousand five hundred to a thousand," said Mr. Lathom rather hurriedly, making an entry in his pocket-book.



"I'm not quite sure I've not been a Juggins," he added to himself as he saw his visitor drive away, and he went out himself at once to make inquiries.

"I did that very well," reflected Mr. Doyle in his hansom. "I must have arrived just on top of Belchamber's wire."

Meanwhile, Mr. Belchamber, having despatched his messages, was walking up to the Rowley Down training ground, feeling rather uneasy. He was concocting, in the first place, a second message for Mr. Lathom, and a letter which would explain how he had been misled by a local

tout usually to be trusted implicitly; but he felt that Mr. Lathom would not accept it kindly. Luckily, the only person who had ever seen him with Mr. Dudley Doyle was the smoking-room waiter at the club, who was usually drunk; but still, not being a practised criminal, he felt nervous. He had no great confidence, either, in the secrecy of a telegraph operator, who probably took a keen interest himself in the local crack.

Lord Beckenham's trainer, who only recognised a Belchamber as practically one of the family, and knew nothing of any coldness between his Lordship and his young cousin, had told him to come up and see the great horse gallop with two or three others of the stable: it was going out late that day, as the jockey who was to ride it in the race was to be up, and he could not get to Rowley Down over-night. Mr. Belchamber stood on the training ground close to where the horses would pass and shivered as he thought of his sins. It was a very cold morning for the time of year, with a keen east wind blowing. Mr. Belchamber shivered. Then they came along, and he took a good look at them. Home Rule was

was the explanatory message to Lathom; he had done him a good turn, anyway, he considered. Mr. Doyle had better be avoided. And yet it was all a genuine, bonâ-fide accident. His reflections were not cheering. They were worse, however, three days after, when he knew that Lord Beckenham had wired, "Accidents be hanged! Prosecute the scoundrel!" and when he heard his Lordship give such of his reasons for his opinion as the magistrates would hold admissible, followed by the jockey with his arm in a sling.

Still, the case against him was flimsy enough, everyone said. Surely they would not commit him for trial. But there is no knowing what magistrates will not do in the way of committing.

"It will scare him a bit, evidence or not; and he can have bail," the chairman—who, by-the-way, had backed the horse himself—said to the others in consultation.

"Serve him right," said Mr. Lathom, when he read the case; "I'll see what I can do."

No doubt, he rather suspected the true state of the case, and had made inquiries; but the smoking-room waiter at the newest thing in sporting clubs had bolted with fifty boxes of the club cigars, and there was no evidence of the conspiracy to be had. So Mr. Lathom, who, after all, was a heavy loser, went down to the Assizes, determined to make himself pleasant in one way, if not in another.

"The telegram, gentlemen," said the judge in summing up, "sent by the prisoner immediately before the occurrence took place, and now produced for the first time, is certainly some evidence of an intent to injure the horse. If you take that view," &c. As far as taking that view went, there was not much question. Half the jury had been taking the odds ever since the Middle Park Plate, and the verdict was given almost without turning round. There were moist eyes in court as the judge dilated on the evils of keeping bad company and gambling. "The old gent must know a lot about it," they said, "to speak so feelingly," but he steadied his voice as he pronounced a sentence of six months' hard labour, and though some of the young barristers in court hit the right nail on the head when they said it might have been a pure accident, and though they said there were flaws in the indictment and the evidence—they always do—the Court for Crown Cases Reserved was never troubled. Mr. Doyle finished the summer in Norway, and the Hon. L. Belchamber "did time."

CONCERNING CLIVEDEN.

Cliefden, as the name should properly be spelt, is well known to all lovers of the Thames as the title of the beautifully wooded estate running down to the river in the vicinity of Maidenhead. This house and property has just been sold by the Duke of Westminster to Mr. William Waldorf Astor. One reason for the transaction is to be found in the Duke's somewhat plaintive remark a little while ago that his engagements were so numerous as to permit him to spend only one day at this charming riverside seat. He has held the property for a longer time than most of its former occupiers, having acquired it in 1852 as part of the dowry of Lady Constance Leveson-Gower, the present Duchess of Westminster. The history of the estate is somewhat chequered. It originally belonged to a Buckinghamshire family of the name of Manfeld, who, owing to some unchronicled freak of fortune, were induced to part with it to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham,

Charles the Second's notorious favourite. Pepys says that it was here that he fought a triple duel and killed the Earl of Shrewsbury, whose inheritance Countess meanwhile looked on, dressed as a page, and holding the Duke's horse. With almost dramatic propriety, the Duke did not live to complete the house, but died very wretchedly in great poverty in 1696. The estate was then bought by the Earl of Orkney, and, as he had no son, descended to his eldest daughter, who let it to Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George III. The Prince was very fond of the place, and spent a good deal of his time there. On Aug. 1, 1740, he gave an entertainment in honour of the third birthday of his daughter Augusta, which is somewhat famous in the musical world, for Thomson and Mallet's mask "Alfred" made its first appearance then, containing a new song set to music by Dr. Arne—nothing less, in fact, than "Rule Britannia." Towards the end of the century the house was burnt to the ground, with the exception of the wings. Sir George Warrener next bought the estate, in 1830, and raised up the ruins. On his death, which occurred within quite a short time, the place was sold to the Duke of Sutherland, only to fall a victim to the flames again on Nov. 15, 1849, the day of thanksgiving for the cessation of the epidemic of cholera. Barry was then commissioned to build a mansion there, and he erected the present structure in 1850, after Inigo Jones's design for old Somerset House.



having a spin at top speed, while on the far side another horse, with a tiny boy up, was doing his best to make the pace hot.

Mr. Belchamber forgot the cold wind as they came towards him. After all, Home Rule was a grand horse, and by now was carrying every cent he had left in the world; but the cold wind did not forget him. It was a pure accident, none purer ever convulsed the London betting market, that just as the horses were less than a hundred yards from him Mr. Belchamber sneezed. They were thirty yards off when he grabbed hurriedly at his pocket-handkerchief. A bad sneeze brooks no delay; but the wind blew very strong, his gloves were thick and his fingers cold in spite of them, and in a second his handkerchief was flying right in the face of the favourite for the Two Thousand, and in another instant Home Rule had realised that, however good the going may be, a horse cannot swerve suddenly and violently thirty feet to the right while going at full gallop, without coming to some sort of grief, for Home Rule was down, Home Rule's rider was insensible, and, worst of all, Home Rule was galloping was over for a month at least.

As Mr. Belchamber went up to town he did not think only of what the trainer had said to him as they parted on the downs. True, it had been about the worst ten minutes he had ever had in his life, but he felt there was worse to follow. The Monday after the Two Thousand, for one thing, would be the worst he had ever had. The only thing he was spared

A FAMOUS NOVELIST AT HOME

A CHAT WITH MR. WALTER BESANT.

With special Photographs by Messrs. Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

"Frogna! Why, that's where the Queen has 'er maw-soleum, ain't it?" Reassured that it was not to Frogmore that I wished to go, but to the Hampstead home of Mr. Besant, cabby brought through devious ways a representative of *The Sketch* to Frogna! Gardens,

which is such a boon to Mr. Besant's printers. Two stately volumes of Stow's "Survey of London" reminded one of the novelist's loving study of quaint corners in London's history. The many letters strewn about the blotting-pad naturally suggested my first question.

"I suppose you have a good many letters from your readers?"

"Yes; the correspondence is divided into two sections, the enthusiastic and the execrating folk. Happily, the former are the more numerous."

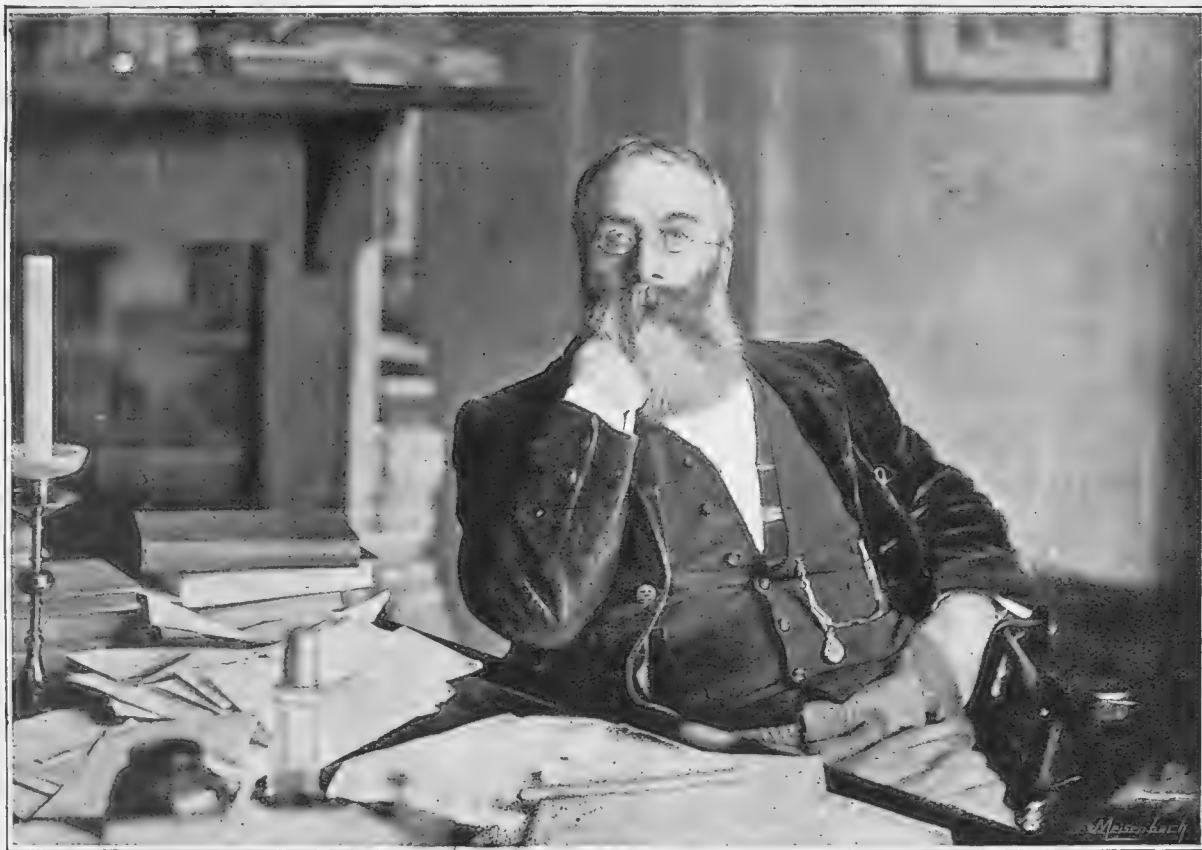
"Plenty of letters come from the United States?"

"Yes; I once visited America, and hope to go again next June. I reply when necessary to most of them. Here is a young lady's photo that arrived this morning, with a letter thanking me for answering a question. You will see what she has written on the back of her portrait. It's very nice to get friendliness in return for such a simple thing as writing a few words. Some of the letters, however, act as a wholesome corrective by pointing out the folly of the last plot or the absurdity of the latest characters. I recollect having quite a number expressing disappointment with one of my unheroic heroes who was happily married to a very nice girl. Ladies wrote to me saying that the poor fellow didn't deserve such good fortune."

"You believe in love stories, Mr. Besant?"

"I do, most decidedly. Is not love the one absorbing theme in life? See how every other topic ceases to interest a roomful

of people, who may have been discussing politics or one of the questions of the day, as soon as love is mentioned. Just think what a large portion of our lives is taken up with thinking of love! Yes, I shall keep on writing love stories. There is no other passion which is so fascinating to the majority of us. It is a mistake to fancy that every novelist writes love stories; Robert Louis Stevenson, for example, has not done so yet.



MR. WALTER BESANT IN HIS STUDY.

Here one is confronted with the following intimation: "Private Road. No Thoroughfare." However, it is not for a "scene-painter of history" (as Mr. Besant once christened journalists) to be deterred by such a rebuff from gaining the porch of Frogna! End and inquiring for its celebrated owner. In the room in which I waited for a moment was a portrait of Mr. Besant, painted by Mr. John Pettie, one of the sojourners at Hampstead till his recently-deplored death. Just as I had noticed a delightful picture, from the Hon. John Collier's brush, of a child—a child of the house, I may mention—"sunning over with smiles," Mr. Besant came into the room, and, after cordial greetings, we passed to his "workshop." I say "workshop," because it is so obviously that, and not merely a study or library. It has a western aspect, so that in the afternoon the sunshine falls upon the highly appropriate wall-decoration of books which crowd the shelves all round the room. On the writing-table were scattered leaves of manuscript, all in the same careful calligraphy



MR. BESANT'S LIBRARY.



MR. BESANT'S HOUSE AT FROGNA!.

Rudyard Kipling mostly depicts the seamy, disappointing side of love. What a wonderful fellow Kipling is! Who can write poems like he does, songs with a dash and thrill about them that are unique? You hear the gallop of horses through some of his stirring lines. But Kipling does not use love as his basis."

"What did you think of the *Athenæum* calling him 'the new Dickens'?"

"I should prefer to call him 'Kipling the New.' There can hardly be a new Dickens or a new Thackeray. They had their styles exactly suited to their public, and belonging to the literary period in which they lived. But we don't want mere imitators of Thackeray or Dickens while we have men like Stevenson, Hardy, Rider Haggard, Barrie, and Kipling, each with an individuality of his own."

"Do you believe in the short story?"

"Yes; it is just a sign of our partiality for condensation. But, you know, it is far more difficult to tell your story in 3000 or 4000 words than to develop it in 150,000 words. I think the best style of short story is simply to try and give one incident, and convey in a few lines the circumstances and actors therein."

"I am afraid, then, George Eliot would not have enjoyed writing short stories?"

"No; you see novelists like George Eliot, Dickens, Thackeray, or Charlotte Brontë liked to start their heroes and heroines right from the cradle, and trace their ancestry with minute care; they never stopped



MR. BESANT'S DRAWING-ROOM.

till they had married or buried them. Dickens could not close even the 'Pickwick Papers' without saying where Pickwick went to live, and what became of each of the distinguished members of the club. Nowadays we end our books with a comma or a colon."

"You do not favour sequels, I suppose?"

"I've not written any myself. What I enjoy is a plot with plenty of possibilities. Now, 'All Sorts and Conditions of Men' gave me no end of opportunities and chances of situation. The same with 'Children of Gibeon,' which I think a much better novel than 'All Sorts.' Yes, topsy-turvydom is delightful, for you can always be surprising yourself."

"Those books sent a good many people to the East End for the first time in their lives, Mr. Besant."

"Well, I suppose so; but I wonder what good they did when they got there. A good many have said that they only saw dirty streets and untidy people. But then 'the eye only sees what it brings with it.' The East-Enders are very good friends of mine. Most of the characters in those two books—Maliphant, the figure-head painter, for example, though he was not an East-End—were drawn from life. The claimants to the Peerage were actual people, with changes. That incident of the gentleman going to bed before dinner occurred to a clergyman of whom I heard."

"Do you often portray the whole character of a living person, or only points in his career?"

"I do both. It is all the more interesting to yourself, and perhaps to your readers, to take living types as your models. But it is sometimes very embarrassing when you are supposed to have drawn a living character. I'll give you a case in point. One evening two men called on me, and at first refused to give their names. At last they sent in an assumed name, and I asked them to come into my room. When they got there they both seemed rather nonplussed. However, after saying a lot of rubbish, which I could see was not true, one of them blurted out, 'You tell him, Bill.' Then Bill asked me where his father was! 'How am I to know?' was my reply. 'Oh! you know right enough, Sir. Ain't you put him in one of your books?' I was mystified, till, on handing them the book they mentioned—I forget which it was—they rapidly found the place where I had drawn in perfect innocence a man who apparently had all the characteristics of their father. He had suddenly disappeared from the village, and had not been heard of for some years. These men were considerably astonished when I informed them I knew nothing of their father, and retired incredulous."

"Which of your books has excited the most criticism?"

"I think 'Herr Paulus' exercised the largest number of people. It was a plot which was founded on something which the late Professor Palmer said to me. He was a very clever man, and not content with speaking all European and Indian languages, and being a mesmerist and a thought-reader, he learnt conjuring. I happened to ask him once if he thought there was any limit to what a man who was at the same time a great hypnotiser and a good conjurer could do, and he replied that, granted the man had fascinating manners and 'cheek,' there was practically the whole world at his feet till he was found out. Well, that idea remained in my mind about eight years, and then I worked it out in 'Herr Paulus.' But the fact that the conjurer and hypnotiser at last married—partly out of pity—the daughter of a charlatan brought down on my devoted head all sorts of complaints."

"Almost as many disagreeable letters as you must have received in connection with the Society of Authors!"

"Ah, yes; you've no idea what imprecations and threats I used to receive until I resigned, the other day, and now, perhaps, my successor, Sir Frederick Pollock, will be the scapegoat. I have said a good deal in public about the tricks of the baser sort of publishers, but I assure you I feel far more strongly on the subject than I ever expressed. Authors, of all people, need a trade union. They are, as a class, mostly unbusiness-like, through no fault of their own, except by reason of inexperience, and where, I ask, is the lawyer who is master of our extraordinarily complex Copyright Act? In June I hope to attend the first Authors' Congress ever held, a fact which in itself is instructive. In my own case, for the last ten years I have had no trouble with the business portion of my profession. That is taken off my shoulders by Mr. A. P. Watt. He relieves me of the otherwise unpleasant task of hawking one's wares from publisher to publisher. And it is to our mutual advantage, as I can illustrate by the following example. Some time ago I delivered a lecture at a school-room in Hampstead on 'Early Morning in London.' No; I don't care much for lecturing. But I lighten the burden by having the lecture set in large type, so as to be easily readable. Mr. Watt happened to remark that he had seen a notice of my lecture, and would like me to lend it to him. In two or three weeks he wrote saying Messrs. Harper had accepted it as a sample of six articles which they would like me to write. It ended in my writing nine articles for publication in *Harper's Magazine*, which were afterwards published in book form in the States by Harper Brothers and in England by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, under the name of 'London'—a book which I venture to think is an important contribution to the literature of the subject. Now, all that business was set in motion by Mr. Watt's 'happy thought.'"

"And thus, Mr. Besant, you benefited the public, Messrs. Harper, Messrs. Chatto and Windus, Mr. Watt, and yourself!"

"Someone called you, the other day, the ideal editor of the newspaper of the future. Have you any ambition in that direction?"

"Not in the least. I can imagine no more wearing life than that of an editor of a daily newspaper, and in my judgment the position has few compensating advantages. At one time I used to write leaders for the *Daily News*—no, not on politics. The social topics of the day were allotted to me, and I thoroughly enjoyed that department of work. Then I've been a *Saturday Reviewer* in my time, but for all practical purposes my connection with journalism has now ceased, except as regards occasional articles."

"And what do you think of the reading public?"

"Well, the increase of readers is an astonishing factor in the world's progress, and its taste is, generally speaking, very healthy. Of course, our hurry has changed the style of ephemeral literature, and given us *Tit-Bits* and *Answers*, but I've nothing but praise for the way in which papers of this class are conducted. And older magazines, like *Chambers's Journal*, still have an enormous circulation. I sent my first contribution to *Chambers's* when a schoolboy, forty years ago—and it was, of course, returned, with a kind note, however, from the editor. I told Mr. Charles Chambers, the other day, when they had printed a story of mine, that I had had to wait forty years before *Chambers's Journal* would accept my writing!"

And thus, with a reminiscence of his earliest literary effort, my conversation with Mr. Besant came to an end. Reluctantly, on my



A FEW ARTICLES FROM THE FAMILY MUSEUM.

part, for it was intensely interesting to listen to the great novelist, who is as admirable a talker as he is a writer. Mr. Besant impressed me by what I may term his delightful dogmatism—a decisiveness born of knowledge. Standing in front of his fireplace, his kindly eyes gleaming through his spectacles, he rarely remained quiescent. There is a look on his face as of a man who has surmounted difficulties, reached his "Blue Mountains," and found that they were blue, to quote one of the late J. K. Stephen's themes. His house on the hill may be emblematic of the summit gained by a clever and courageous climber. D. W.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



PAINTING.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



A SLIGHT FIZZLE.

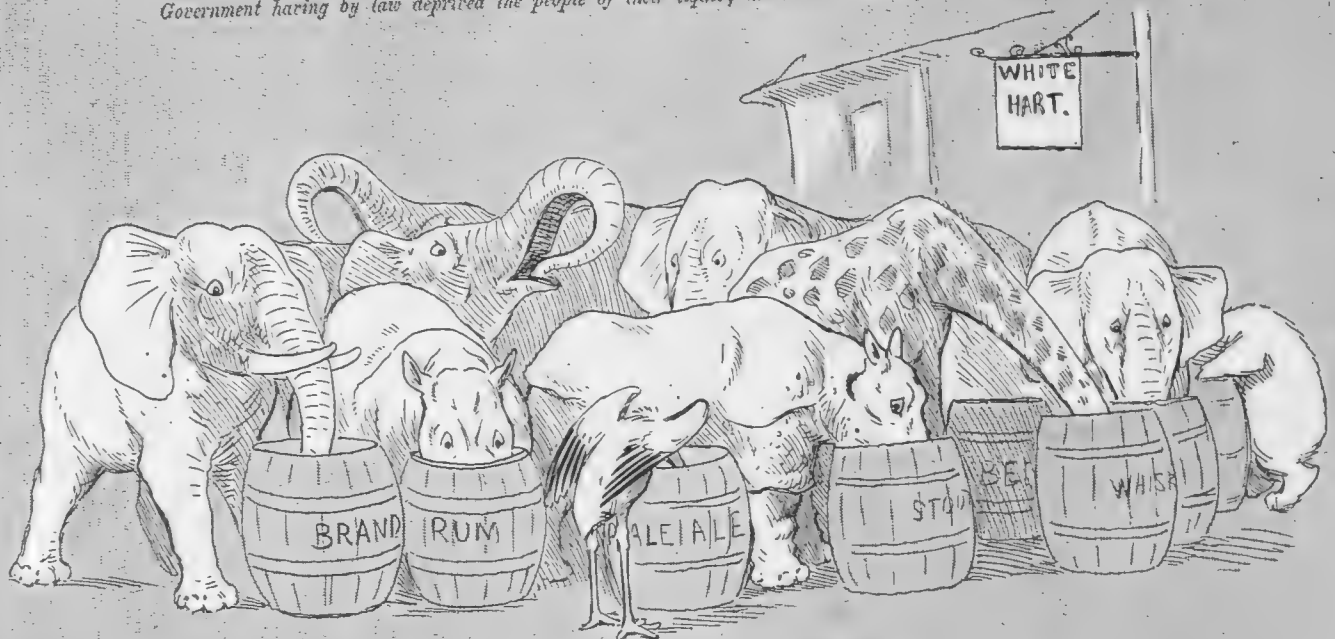


"Maria, if this drought continues, we shall 'ave to sell *real* milk."

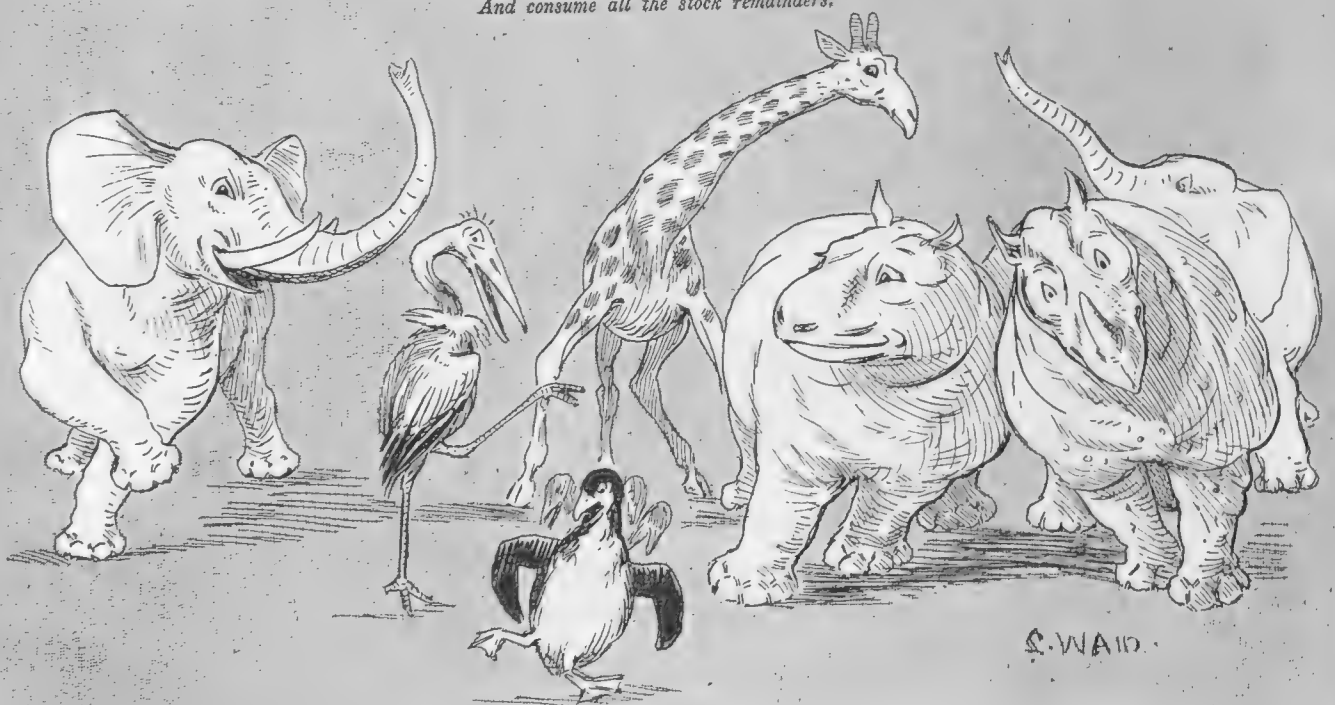
"Oh, 'eavens, Thomas, I 'ope it will never come to that."



Government having by law deprived the people of their liquor, the animals swarm to the country—



And consume all the stock remainders.



S. WAID.

"Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay."

THE LOCAL VETO BILL: A POSSIBLE RESULT.



"MA FILLE."

On Eavesdropping



I

The letter is given to a trusted hand



2

And safely delivered

3

The meeting raises the curiosity of three loiterers but the eye of the trusty messenger is on them.



4 He approaches with caution

5

Seizes them

6 And puts them out of the way, for the time being.



G. J.



WE'RE AN OBLIGING LOT AT OUR STUDIO.

"I say, old man, I've got to illustrate a tale where it says, 'It was dusk, and his back was turned towards her, but she recognised that noble form.' D'you mind standing for the chappie?"

"Certainly, old man" (*poses for the "noble form"*).



SUNDAY AFTERNOON IN HOLLAND: COURTSHIP.

NORWAY'S HOME RULE STRUGGLE.

BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

The Home Rule struggle in Norway, which takes the modified form of a demand for separate Consular representation abroad and their own Foreign Minister, has once again resulted in the resignation of the Ministry, owing to the King's refusal to sanction the recent resolution of the Storting, which declared that the settlement of the Consular question was a purely Norwegian matter, to be treated independently of Sweden. In this struggle—interesting at present, on account of its similarity to our own difficulty with Ireland—Björnsterne Björnson has played a very prominent part. His fiery imagination has done much to rouse the national feeling of Norway against the sister kingdom.



BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON.

Photo by Erik Werenskjöld.

Last June the Storting carried a resolution in favour of the separate Consular representation. King Oscar would not sanction it, and the Premier, M. Steen, resigned. Then followed a great demonstration in favour of M. Steen, and Björnson proposed a resolution of thanks to the Government for having defended the honour of Norway so wisely and vigorously. It may also be remembered that last autumn he protested against the rumoured interference of England with the claims of the Norwegians for separate Consular representation. Of course, the said interference was a mere *canard*, which Mr. Gladstone promptly disavowed. The Ministerial crisis was got over by a resolution of the Storting requesting M. Steen's Cabinet to remain in office, the settlement of the Consular question being deferred *sine die*. Once again, however, M. Steen has resigned. Björnson is certainly not responsible for this. Only last month he declared himself in one of the Radical organs against the resolution of the Radical majority. He stated that he vainly attempted to dissuade them from reviving during this session the question of a separate Consular establishment for Norway, which might have been adjourned with advantage till the general election of next year.

But it is as a man of letters rather than as a politician that this country

knows Björnson best, and, though that aspect is interesting to us with a struggle in hand not dissimilar to what he is carrying on, he is even more interesting from the place he occupies in Scandinavian literature, which is the fashion in England at present. It is a very curious fact that such a little country as Norway should have produced two of the greatest writers of the day, and that in a small town like Christiania, with its 150,000 inhabitants, one should find as residents such men as Henrik Ibsen, Björnsterne Björnson, Fridtjof Nansen, and Grieg.

A well-known Norwegian painter, Eilif Petersen, gave an evening party—one of those charming little supper parties so common in Norway—to which we were kindly invited. Björnsterne Björnson, the celebrated writer, politician, and dramatist, was the guest of the evening. The studio was large, but the party was small—just a couple of dozen persons interested in the arts, one of those delightful little evenings it is always a pleasure to remember. Nearly everyone had done something of mark in the world, or, anyway, had sufficient ability to appreciate talent in others. This very power of appreciation is a talent in itself, and one as difficult to acquire as toleration.

We were at once introduced to Björnson, who, to our joy, was able to converse in German, and proved not only interesting—for that we had naturally expected—but most affable and kind, with that great gift of being able to interest himself in the person with whom he is conversing.

The Norwegian form of introduction is a little trying at first. The stranger has to stand in the middle of the room and be introduced to everyone present by their full titles, sometimes of appalling length, bowing and smiling on each in turn. Silence reigns during these introductions, and the stranger is heartily glad when the ordeal is over.

In the somewhat subdued light of the splendid studio, with its minstrels' gallery and quaint hangings, we noted the peculiarities of appearance of the great Björnson. He is a big man, somewhat stout in build. The first thing that attracts the eye is his splendid head. From his high, well-shaped forehead he wears his hair well brushed back. The hair, once inclined to redness, is still very bushy, but is now almost white. He wears whiskers, otherwise the face is clean shaven. The mouth, thus exposed, is, perhaps, the most noticeable feature of this strangely interesting face. His keen eyes are blue—that blue so often found among the Scandinavian peoples. They are very clear and quick eyes; but Björnson is, nevertheless, very short-sighted, and is never without his spectacles, and sometimes, for seeing anything very minute, he wears his pince-nez as well. The accompanying likeness, which is excellent, is after Erik Werenskjöld, one of Norway's best painters, and it hangs in the National Picture Gallery in Christiania.

As a writer Björnson is distinctly elevating. He always tries to show how we may overcome difficulties, overcome even heredity, and by making our own lives noble help the progress of the world. As the drops of water make the ocean, so good lives tend to perfecting mankind.

He is sometimes called the "Apostle of Peace." No one ever argued against the disasters of war more warmly than Björnson, and when talking on one of his favourite topics the whole man changes, enthusiasm

gleams in his eyes, his whole being becomes excited, his gesticulations are quick and decisive, the thoughts chase the words from his lips, and one feels the power for good or ill such a mind must possess. He can throw himself heart and soul into his subjects, which at the time become hobbies. "Peace and War" became a hobby. He wrote upon it, he lectured upon it, from end to end of Norway. The rights of woman and the absolute necessity of monogamy in either sex then became a whim, and he likewise wrote and lectured on the subject. Heredity at one time held sway, and then he produced his wonderful book, "The Heritage of the Kurts." He considers heredity should be prized, not cursed.

Björnson is a regular contributor to the Press. He lives in the world and with the world. No man takes a keener or wider interest in his fellow-men than Björnson. He must always be doing something. He is like a well-stoked engine. He must be always at work, and the more work he has in hand the happier he is. Instead of plodding away at one book or one play, he is always dabbling in all kinds of subjects, and he is never without a craze, which for the moment creeps into all he writes. He is one of those energetic natures whose very look and voice make one feel it is necessary to be up and doing.

E. B. T.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has been in London for the last few weeks superintending the rehearsals of his opera. He returns to "Thürms" to go on with his story, the scene of which, after much deliberation, he has decided to lay in Scotland.

The *Pall Mall Magazine* has made its appearance. It resembles in colour the old *Fraser*, the *Fraser* of Mr. Froude, which is as much as to say that it is by no means inviting to look at. But the paper is good, the print clear, and some of the articles and illustrations are well up to the mark. It may be doubted whether it will hold its ground against more interesting sixpenny magazines which supply almost an equal quantity of matter.

The *Home Magazine*, which was announced to appear on April 10, and to contain in its first number a story by Mr. Kipling, has been for some reason delayed. Probably it will not now appear till the autumn.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is hard at work on her new novel, which promises to be as elaborate a production as its two predecessors.

Lord Tennyson has begun actively the work of preparing to write the memoir of his illustrious father.

A New York contemporary is greatly perplexed to understand how "Poems by Two Brothers" can be copyright. By English law copyright runs for seven years after the author's death, however long he may live.

Cecil Harley, the author of "The Shadow of a Song," is, I understand, one of the masters in Clifton College. Clifton College can already boast of Mr. T. E. Brown, whose poems, *Manx* and other, are now well known.

Katharine Lee (Mrs. Henry Jenner) has almost completed a new story dealing with the rebellion of 1745.

Dr. Conan Doyle, who has turned out so much good work lately, is now going to give himself a comparative rest.

A new book on George Borrow, by a very competent writer, may be looked for in the autumn.

The Renan "In Memoriam" volume, by Sir M. E. Grant-Duff (Macmillan), is hardly so interesting as might have been expected. Renan and Grant-Duff were old friends; their relations were always most cordial, their intercourse and correspondence not infrequent. But it is not given to everyone who has had interesting experiences to write good reminiscences, and we have here not the echoes of conversations, but merely a record of the subjects of conversations.

There is nothing from the life. He tells us Renan was one of the best and most interesting men whom it has ever been his good fortune to know, and that "everyone who knows anything about him at all knows that his conduct from birth to death was simply that of a saint"; but the obituary notices contained more lifelike pictures of him.

In the main, the volume is a running commentary, or, rather, a summary, of Renan's works. There is little or no criticism, for Grant-Duff was the most receptive and unquestioning of disciples. And, besides, controversy was hardly within the purpose of the book. Young students of Renan will possibly find it a useful guide. The tone and literary style can best be described as gentlemanly.

Messrs. McClure and Co., the new publishing firm in which Mr. Jerome has an interest, have issued a volume of Irish stories, "At the Rising of the Moon," by Frank Mathew. In spite of the hint of revolution in the title, they need not scare anyone. The stories are full of love for Ireland, but the love is spread so equally over landlords and moonlighters and constables, and priests and Protestant rectors, that it is very safe.

They have performance as well as promise in them. The legends and poetry of Moher and the neighbourhood, constantly alluded to, add an interest which makes up for a certain slenderness in the main incidents. The tale of Phaudrig, who came back from "the other country" on the day his widow was marrying John Meehan, is one of the best. "I'll be askin' your pardon, ma'am. I'd not have come if I'd known," says the meek ghost. He goes away after stooping down to kiss "his little ould mother, who hobbles afther him squealin', 'Ah! for God's sake, take me wid ye, acushla. Don't be leavin' me behind ye, Phaudreen.' But he goes out from the door."

The new "Coleridge" (Macmillan) is a really scholarly piece of work. It is probably destined to be the final edition. The editor, Mr. Dykes Campbell, has founded the text on the 1829 edition, the last on which Coleridge himself bestowed attention. As far as possible, the

chronological order has been restored, the Wordsworthian arrangement of "Poems occasioned by Political Events, &c.," having been adopted against the poet's own judgment. With the notes, the different readings, the appendices at the end, it is a book to satisfy the student without disturbing the pleasure of the general reader by marginal erudition.

A complete biography may be looked for before long from the poet's grandson, Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, but in the meanwhile Mr. Campbell's introduction should satisfy any ordinary demand for information. He has drawn on every available source. The facts are given mostly without comment, and there is a marked absence of the moralising, the reproaches, and apologies we are too much used to from those who have concerned themselves with Coleridge.

The second volume of the Camden Library (Stock) is Mr. Philip Norman's "London Signs and Inscriptions." Much to the advantage of the book, Mr. Norman is an artist as well as an antiquary, and the illustrations are exceedingly good and well reproduced. To a lover of old London he has much of interest to tell, to the accurate description of the signs that still exist on old houses or in the Guildhall Museum being added many historical and legendary details.

It is not a book that can be judged by quotations; but this story may serve to show it has more than a mere antiquarian interest. The statuette of the boy on the Fortune of War public-house, at the corner of Giltspur Street and Cock Lane (Pie Corner), used to have beneath it this inscription: "This boy is in Memory Put up for the late Fire of London, occasioned by the Sin of Gluttony, 1666." A divine, preaching on the anniversary of the Fire, asserted "that the calamity could not be occasioned by the sin of blasphemy, for in that case it would have begun in Billingsgate; nor lewdness, for then Drury Lane would have been first on fire; nor lying, for then the flames had reached them from Westminster Hall. No, my beloved; it was occasioned by the sin of gluttony, for it began at Pudding Lane and ended at Pie Corner."

Mr. Bret Harte is all for fine strokes now. Sometimes he fails to produce the very subtle effect he aims at, but not in "Sally Dows" (Chatto). Sally is all air and lightness. Her silky locks—"as the floss of Indian corn might look if curled"—have the brain of a practical administrator beneath them. Her portrait and letters addressed to her are picked off the dead bodies of men who had fought in the war, and thought more of her than the cause they were fighting for. But she refuses to wax sentimental when the relics are handed to her. Her conduct is always cool, coy, and magnificently diplomatic, yet she sucks the poison from the hero's snake-bite. And as her black Sophy says, "If dey's any troof in Hoodoo (Voodoo), don't dat make yo' one blood and one soul?"

School and college journalism, as a whole, has reached its highest excellence in America; but it would need a good deal to beat the current number of the *Greyfriar*, the interesting chronicle of the Charterhouse. This number scores with an article on John Leech as Carthusian, illustrated by a large number of caricatures, juvenile drawings, most of them hitherto unpublished. A facsimile of a letter to his "dear papa" tells the pathetic schoolboy trouble of "exercises," in which assistance is wanted.

An uncontroversial book about Russia is something to be grateful for. There is very little controversial about "Out of Doors in Tsarland," by F. J. Whishaw (Longmans), unless it arise over the question whether blackcock may be legitimately "potted" on the ground, while the sportsman lies in ambush.

The book is not only for sportsmen. Naturalists and all lovers of the open air will find it of lively interest. There are some sketches of Russian village life, of religious ceremonies in St. Petersburg, and a vivid description of the perils of ice-hilling—a kind of terribly exaggerated tobogganing; but these are of minor interest, and, perhaps, just a little out of place. The real charm of the book lies in its glimpses into the inner life of the great forests by night and day, in the near contact of creatures, wild and tame. The trees and the beasts and birds are not looked at merely by a naturalist and sportsman, but with the eye of a lover of the romance of nature.

Mr. Elliot Stock has published a book of interest to all bibliographers and antiquaries—a catalogue of St. Paul's Cathedral Library, compiled by the librarian, Dr. Sparrow. It is not a complete catalogue, for the library contains no less than 21,176 books and pamphlets, but it gives a very detailed description of all the rare books—the Bibles, rituals, and works relating to London and to the Cathedral. It evidently has been a labour of love.

Dr. Sparrow has been a most energetic librarian, and the library has improved enormously, both as regards the number and value of the books, since his tenure of office. Among those whom he mentions as having laboured among the Cathedral books is Barham, of "Ingoldsby Legends" fame, who, along with his other accomplishments and virtues, was an enthusiastic book-lover and ardent bibliographer. O. O.

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY.

No. 1 Now Ready.



No. 1 contains a NEW ODE by Mr. SWINBURNE, entitled "ASTROPHEL."

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- ASTROPHEL. A Poem. By Algernon Charles Swinburne.
- HIS SERENE HIGHNESS. By Miss Rhoda Broughton. Illustrated by C. Pretorius and S. Nation.
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- MADAME RECAMIER'S SECRET. By William Waldorf Astor. With Illustrations.
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- Home Rule in a Nutshell. By Justin McCarthy, M.P.
- Home Rule from an Irish Unionist Point of View. By Dunbar Plunket Barton, Q.C., M.P.
- Should Members of Parliament be Paid? "Yes." By R. Wallace, M.P. "No." By the Right Hon. Arthur Forwood, M.P. "No." By Sir George Baden-Powell, K.C.M.G., M.P.
- WITHOUT PREJUDICE. By I. Zangwill.

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- | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------------|
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This romance of Angelica's—which, by-the-way, is exceedingly well written—indicates, I presume, the melancholy misarrangement of feminine destiny, for, if this Twin had been permitted to shape her life, instead of trying to escape from the social thrall by impulsively marrying the wrong person, she might have stormed Europe with her violin, and, instead of catching that cold, the tenor might have gone warbling through

the world in her train. I cannot pursue this speculation, for there are two more tragedies waiting. Evadne Frayling shows us how much happier the human race might be if children could choose their own parents. Her mother is a "docile female" who submits to that marital tyranny which is the fruitful source of social woe. Her father is the type of the domestic despot who believes that women are incapable of thought, and that their only mission is to be dutiful to their lords and masters. He marries his daughter to a military man, with whom Evadne is at first in love. But on returning from the church after the wedding she finds a letter which convinces her that her husband has a licentious past. She drives with him to the railway station, and when he is innocently looking after the luggage she slips into a cab and disappears. The husband takes this with remarkable self-control, and appeals to her parents. Mr. Frayling is bitterly incensed, and denounces his daughter as a woman who is likely to "write a book to prove her

right to be immoral." He excommunicates her from the paternal roof-tree, and she is on the point of publishing her wrongs in the newspapers, when her husband, who shows the only sense and good feeling in the whole episode, persuades her to accompany him to Malta, where his regiment is stationed, on the understanding that they shall live together, but not in the relation of man and wife. Here follow some scenes of garrison life and manners, which Evadne makes several very injudicious and wholly ineffectual attempts to reform, with the aid of an ex-diplomatist from the United States, who delivers moral lectures over afternoon tea. All the evils of society are ascribed by these enthusiasts to the subjection of women, which began as far back as the Book of Genesis, in which the Deity is most improperly described as masculine instead of as the duality of the genders. Evadne's husband, Colonel Colquhoun, whose patience continues to be exemplary, makes only one request to his wife: he begs her not to exhibit herself on a platform as a champion of feminine emancipation. They become excellent friends, and there are moments when Evadne has an impulse to overlook the outrage to which she was subjected by a man who dared to marry her when he knew he was not "Christlike." She resists the temptation, for what can come of any effort to

redeem a spouse whose pre-nuptial antecedents will not bear the scrutiny of a young woman who wants to reconstruct time and the universe right back to Genesis? Besides, there is the shocking example of poor Edith Beale, who was the most spiritual creature you ever beheld. She would remark at a dance that she was "conscious of the presence of people in the other life," and everybody felt awed. Yet she was enamoured of a particularly material creature in the person of Sir Mosley Menteith, whose eyes were very close together and whose head shelved like an ape's. Though she was warned of these portents by Evadne, Edith persisted in marrying her lover; and what was the consequence? In a year she was a physical wreck, the mother of a deformity, and she died mad. After this experience, how could Evadne undertake the redemption of her husband? She could only become listless, with all her energies stifled, and her brain partly unhinged, while Colquhoun betook himself to brandy-and-soda till he dropped dead one day with cardiac syncope. Then Evadne married Dr. Galbraith, and the night before the birth of her first child tried to poison herself rather than run the risk of bringing into the world a baby as horrible as Edith's. This was scarcely flattering to the doctor, who managed to prevent the catastrophe just in the nick of time.

A great deal of this novel it is difficult to read even with patience. Many of the characters are distorted abstractions, particularly the men, and the virtuous Dr. Galbraith is a mere shadow. Crudity, lack of proportion, overstrained sentiment are redeemed, however, by passages of considerable talent; but it is the talent for romance, not for the solution of social problems.

L. F. A.



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MADAME SARAH GRAND.

* "The Heavenly Twins." By Sarah Grand. William Heinemann.

LETTERS FROM COLONIAL COUSINS.

AN ENGLISH MEDICINE-WOMAN IN BOERLAND.—II.

You will recollect in my last letter I had just made my appearance for the day, and was exciting the curiosity which a stranger always creates in these parts. I found a man was addressing me in Dutch; my friend acted as interpreter, and after a long, earnest "confab" I was aghast to find that he had been making me a proposal on behalf of his son Stoffel. They looked so funny, I had difficulty in restraining my laughter. I felt I must do this, for they all looked so serious. The father explained that Stoffel was rich enough to have a mud hut of his own for us to live in. The worst of it was, to refuse such a good offer appeared to them beyond comprehension. They would not accept my decided No; they all talked at once—no doubt, praising poor Stoffel; he alone was silent amid the hubbub, but still aspired to gaze at me. At last the dilemma ended. I told them how honoured I felt by the offer, but that my affections had already been bestowed in England. Then pressing Stoffel's and his father's hand once more, the affair was ended. Breakfast came at last, and with it the greasy rice and fly dish, but my friend had asked for boiled eggs,



OX-WAGONS IN BOERLAND.

so we managed to make a very decent meal. Salt was, however, an unknown luxury. Directly after breakfast my friend had to drive some distance with our host and hostess to see more patients.

We were sorry to find plans had already been made for me. I watched them drive off with regret. It was a scorching hot day, with blazing sun outside, but what with the dirt and fleas the hut was unbearable, so I thought that braving the sun and exploring the country around was the best thing to do to pass the time. I accordingly sallied forth with Sina and all her small brothers and sisters. We had to keep on walking, for the "veld" was so thickly covered with brush that we were afraid to sit down, for fear of snakes. As far as the eye could see was a tremendous expanse of open country with distant mountains as a background. The flowers and heaths we were walking on were simply beautiful. Sina was very talkative, and, though my Dutch was limited, we managed to make ourselves understood. After walking for some time, we came to a particularly small mud hut. This turned out to be the place where Stoffel lived, and we had to enter. The room was rather prettily decorated with strings of birds' eggs and everlastings. We, of course, all shook hands, and then the others sat down on benches or the floor, and I had the only chair in the hut. Stoffel brought out a concertina and sat down opposite me. He then began to play, which he did about as badly as could be, and to sing some Dutch love-songs through his nose. He gazed steadily at me all the time, which was a little disconcerting. This performance lasted for nearly an hour. In vain did I say "Danko, zeer mooi," and then "Het is laat—Goede Nacht"—he would not understand these hints, but still sang on. To make matters worse, the children were no longer shy, but commenced to all try and climb up my knees. At last, I could stand it no longer: I sprang up, seized Stoffel's hand, and, thanking him, said "Good-bye" in a most decided manner. He put down the concertina, and taking from the corner of the room a very pretty three spiked-shaped bunch of everlastings and grasses that he had made up himself, presented it to me. So, with more thanks and handshaking, Sina and I made our escape, and went back to lunch. In a minute in rushed Stoffel, saying, "Die carte!" so we all jumped up to look, and found it was a covered cart with four horses and an old black driver.

Seeing us, he drew up, and shouted to know where the "Missus van England" was. He brought a message from an Englishman and his wife, who had heard of our arrival. They wanted us to return in the cart and visit them. In, therefore, we had to get, Sina and I, and, after a long jog over a rough road, arrived ultimately at a pretty old Dutch farm, situated in the midst of trees. A very old man who talked broken English came to meet us, followed by his fat wife and their adopted son. He informed us that he was English, but had been farming in Africa from the time he was a lad. His wife was a Dutch woman, and hardly spoke any English. We went all over their lands. They had a large ostrich camp, with about one hundred magnificent birds walking about in it. Such feathers! I longed for them, but knew it was not the plucking season. We went over the gardens, which were a blaze of colour, and were shown some bananas growing. Then the old man asked if I knew how to play an English game he had brought out with him, but had not used for years. I found this game to be a croquet set. The old couple, the son, and I had a most curious game, played on a lumpy, rough ostrich camp. The working hands were sent for as an audience. When our game was over, which proved a most exciting one, we went into the house and had some delicious preserved figs and clean water.

Afterwards Sina and I said good-bye. It was quite a pleasure having been with such a genuine and hospitable old couple. We drove back to the mud hut in grand style, and found Stoffel waiting for us with his concertina under his arm. His sister, with some of the children, had also arrived. They had arranged the benches outside the hut, and we all sat or stood out there to sing Dutch hymns, while Stoffel accompanied us on the concertina. I found this was their custom every evening, and their way of worshipping. The hut door was open, and a ray of light fell from the candle which stood on the table. The Southern Cross shone out so brightly that we could just see an outline of the country around. A goodly collection of people had joined our party. They all sang most lustily, nearly drowning poor Stoffel's concertina. About ten o'clock the others arrived. My friend was quite worn out, for they had had a hard day. She had seen many curious sights. A mixed lot of us sat down to supper, which was more tasty than usual, for Stoffel had contributed a bird he had shot. And thus the day ended.

The next morning we were all up very early, for there were still patients to be seen, and we wanted to make an early start homewards. The aches and pains seemed endless, and I am sure some of them were imaginary ones. In crowded the people, with no idea of delicacy, and each wanted the first attention. We polished them off, and then Jacobus inspanned, and with many cordial adieux we departed, attended by Sina's brother on horseback—a stupid boy, who was to escort us as far as the next hut. The family made such a quaint group, standing outside the hut. We watched them as long as we could and waved our hands. Stoffel was standing in true Dutch fashion as usual, but with a little intelligence in his face, while he was gazing at us instead of into vacancy. It was not etiquette, I found, for him to escort us on our road, because we had not stayed in his father's hut.

We soon got to a wee Kaffir hovel, where about twenty people were waiting for us. I felt relieved to think I had on gloves, for, as usual, flabby hands had to be shaken. Then equally, of course, coffee was given us. I managed to upset mine behind my chair, for it looked too nasty to drink. These people had nothing much the matter with them, so my friend gave them each a dose, taking care to flavour the medicines differently, for all began at once to taste each other's. They were so delighted; they had nearly all brought small cups of their own to be filled.

About mid-day we arrived at one of the quaintest and dirtiest little places it was possible to see. Our cart was at once surrounded by crowds of dirty children and weird-looking, half-clothed people. Some even in a state of nature came out to look at us, no doubt wondering what business we had to intrude in their little village, which simply consisted of rows of mud huts built on a hill. Several ran in frightened when they saw me, others stared with surprise; little black children and pigs seemed jumbled up together in ditches, which were full of lovely arum lilies, making a strange contrast. Some of the babies looked very sweet, with their little upright fat figures. There is something very fascinating about a black baby, I think.

We spent as little time as possible at this place, and then drove on. We opened our provisions at once, feeling we could exist no longer without food, and looking forward to eating something without grease and flies. But, horror of horrors, the smell was awful, and the sight still worse. The heat of the last two days had spoilt all our supplies. We poor hungry things, who had hardly eaten anything for two days, were left without food, and without any chance of getting any until the next day. We, however, could not help laughing; in fact, we were always laughing in that country at the feeblest jokes. I think something in the air must have caused this peculiarity.

A. C. E. B.



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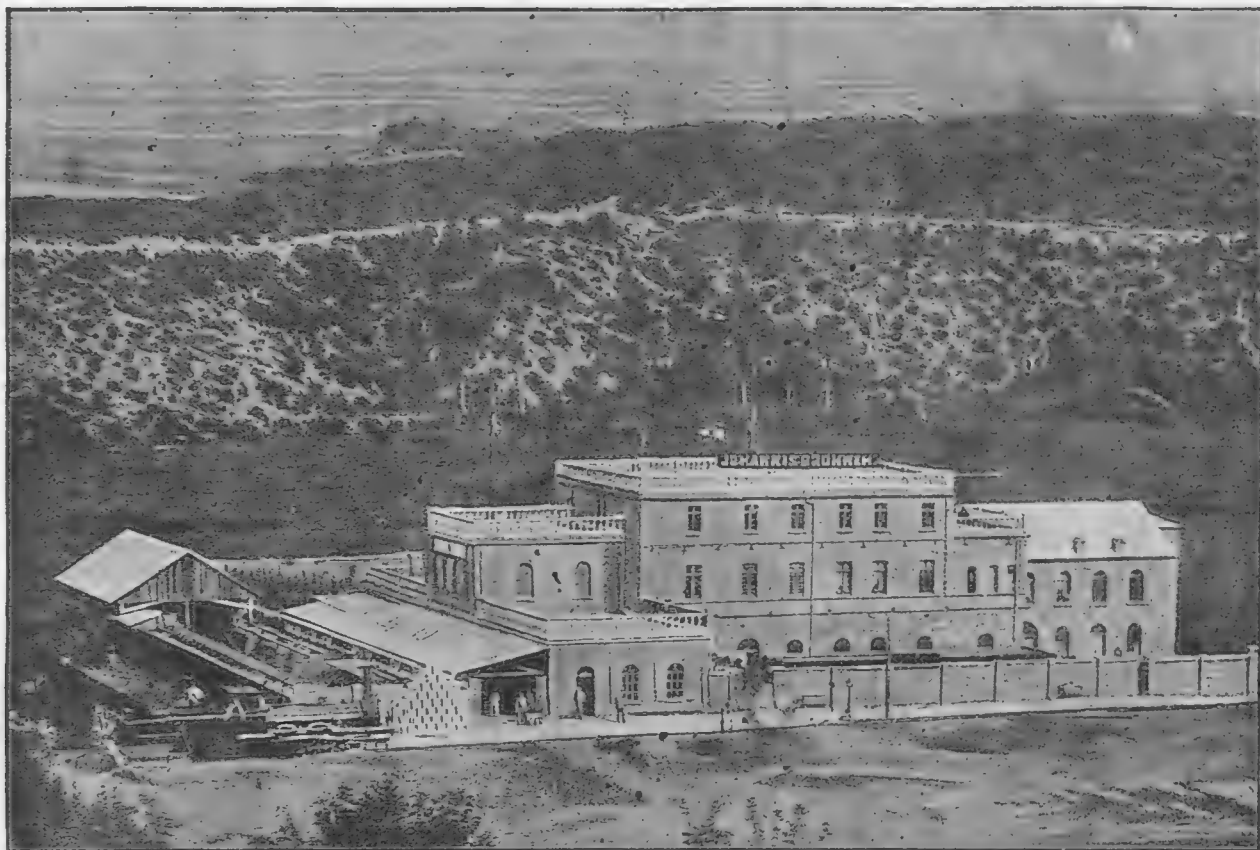
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BY "BUGLE."

The Irish Water-Spaniel. The writer of the excellent book on British sporting dogs, lately published, though he admits that he has little to say out of his own experience on the Irish water-spaniel, succeeds in putting together, from the opinions of other writers, a good deal that is very interesting and very pleasant reading. In the same way, I, who have never myself owned one of the dogs, can yet say something about them from what I have seen at different times of individuals belonging to my friends. It has always been to me a matter of some surprise that this dog is so little used in England. I fancy its name must be a little against it. That it is a most remarkable dog in the water is, of course, beyond all question. For the lake, for the river, for the tideway, for the fen, the Irish water-spaniel has qualifications no other dog can touch. Hard, strong, bold, nothing—not wet, nor cold, nor any other condition—can stop him or curl him up. On any point, too, requiring unusual sagacity—that is to say, original thought—he is very hard to beat.

As a Retriever. I honestly believe it is safe to say that there is nothing our black retrievers do that the Irish water-spaniel cannot do, and, taken all round, perhaps do better. His nose is simply marvellous; and, so far as my experience goes, he never loses his head, never lets excitement get the better of his judgment. And every man who uses young retrievers knows at times what that means. The one charge invariably brought against these Irish dogs is that they are hard-mouthed. I cannot help believing that this has greatly come from the conditions under which they are commonly used. Entered as puppies on winged ducks, asked to bring wounded birds out of a tideway or current under the most difficult of all circumstances, it is not surprising that they should acquire the habit of gripping the birds too hard. And the habit may now be hereditary in the race. But trained as carefully as our young retrievers are trained, allowed for some time to fetch and carry dead birds only, I feel pretty certain that in two or three generations their mouths would be all right. And with his queer rope of a tail, his quaint face and beautiful ears, his bright, quick eye and perfect temper, a more charming and companionable dog does not exist. The show bench has kept him alive for us here so far. Now let us take him into the field, and give him a fair chance.

Egg-Stealing. One swallow does not make a summer. Mr. Lloyd Price's disclaimer in the *Field* is well enough as showing, what no one probably questioned, that on his shoot, at any rate, trade is bona-fide enough. But the fact remains that the great development of late years of the trade in eggs of game birds has put a premium on knavery in this direction. It would be strange, indeed, if it were otherwise. One has but to remember how very favourable are the average gamekeeper's opportunities for dishonesty. Gamekeepers, take them all round, form a class of remarkably well-intentioned, hard-working servants. But they are only mortal, after all. Look at the temptations to which they are exposed. Many shootings in this country are now in the hands of men—good shots, many of them, and keen at the sport—but men who have absolutely no practical knowledge whatever of the rearing of game. As a consequence of this they are entirely in the hands of their gamekeepers. Provided September shows a fair amount of big coveys, they are content, and ask no questions. If some beats are very empty of birds it is plausibly enough explained: "The ground is cold," "the birds were late," were "drowned," and the season was "dry, and the rooks took the eggs." Oh, yes, a sharp man has a hundred reasons ready, none of which his master is able to challenge.

Egg-Dealing. A keeper needn't say much; he need not commit himself. He needn't even touch an egg himself. He need but tip the mole-catcher, or some loafer, a wink and the thing is done. Here is a case that happened to my knowledge. You will say this keeper was but a blundering knave. Well, so be it. A certain noble lord heard, while staying in the north of England, that birds were scarce on his property in the south. He, therefore, determined to buy some eggs on his way through town. He went to a very well-known dealer about it. Shown a sample of eggs, he inquired whether they could be relied upon as good and unshaken. "Oh, yes, Sir," was the answer; "we only had them up yesterday from Kent." "Indeed!" remarked his Lordship, "and where did they come from?" "Well, Sir," returned the dealer to the astonished nobleman, "this lot came from Lord —'s property," mentioning his inquirer's own estate! Tableau. His Lordship returned home a wiser man. The keeper did the same—he was a Suffolk man—a sadder one.

London Magpies. Writers on any point in natural history cannot be too careful of their facts. In an article which appeared the other day in the *St. James's Gazette*, the writer committed himself to more than one statement which I suspect it would take him all his time to substantiate. Is he quite sure, for instance, that the magpies he has seen in this park were hatched and reared therein? There are, it is true, two magpies in the park, both of whom were *liberated*, but not *hatched* there. One of them, by-the-way, is suffering very much from cramp. There is at the present moment a magpie's nest in one of the London parks, but not in *St. James's Park*. I can also "put him on" to a carrion crow's nest not a hundred miles from Knightsbridge Barracks.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, April 29, 1893.

The Australian position remains the unknown quantity in all future calculations. When, a fortnight ago, we wrote you that with the great Australian banks it was a case of the Devil catch the hindmost, and that the old gentleman's appetite would probably prove voracious, we did not expect the truth of our prophecy would be so soon demonstrated, or that within fourteen days he would have devoured two more large and in ordinary times quite sound institutions, whose managers are now, probably, repenting the folly of the so-called Banking Association, which has produced the late disasters. It is the old story of the bundle of sticks, any one of which a boy can break, but whose collective strength could resist the full-grown man.

You ask us to tell you what are the dangers of the future, and we frankly confess that we are unable to do so, because the Australian public and its present temper is the factor which we cannot on this side accurately gauge, and on which the stability of every one of the banks absolutely rests. The very life of banking is credit, and not even the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" herself could at a day's notice pay her customers all she owes them. With even the strongest Australian bank it is, therefore, a question of how long and how sustained any run may be, and unless we know exactly the feeling on the other side we cannot speak with even reasonable certainty as to whether there will be another victim, or, if so, what institution may be singled out for destruction. As most of the shares have become practically unsaleable, holders on this side can only sit still and abide the event with what equanimity they can muster.

The Home Railway traffics are by no means promising, but holders do not know what to do with their money if they sell, and the splendid weather encourages the "bulls" of the passenger lines. In the City men distrust the present Government very much, and many of us see rocks ahead for the holders of ordinary stock in the leading lines; but for the moment, and in the present frightened state of the average investor, we are inclined to expect no serious fall in prices, and by the end of the year the holders of Brighton "A" will probably find themselves in the happy possession of the Home Railway stock which pays the best interest on money invested.

There is nothing new to report in the Argentine position, but every day it becomes more self-evident that the people who have picked up high-class railway shares or debentures at the prices which ruled a few months ago will have done well for themselves, and generally we may say the outlook is more encouraging than it has been since the Baring crash. We cannot urge you too strongly, dear Sir, to hold on to all the stocks that we have purchased for you during the last six months, despite the profit which they show at this moment.

Slowly but surely the market for Nitrate shares hardens, and the quotation of the raw material reacts on the price of the various producing companies' shares. The public, who lost so much in the collapse, are naturally shy of buying again; but, as the position is now sound, we feel considerable confidence in recommending such shares as San Jorge, San Pablo, and the like. Nitrate Rails have also taken a turn, while the present is an admirable time to try Bank of Tarapaca shares.

In Brewery shares the chief point of interest has been the rise in price of Allsopp shares upon current rumours of improved business, which, we hope, will prove true. The beer war in St. Louis has come to an end, and the ordinary shares of this company should be worth holding. As to the forecast we have tried to give you of the Frank Jones report, we are inclined to think that the cost of materials will probably exceed our estimate, with the result that the year will not show up quite so well as we expected, but the ten shillings dividend on the ordinary shares is, we are told, a certainty.

In the Kaffir market there has not been any marked improvement, but we expect the April crushings will, on the whole, make a good show, while in Land and Exploration shares there has been a considerable advance, especially in Oceana shares, caused by an idea that railway development will do much for this class of property. What a good sale we once made for you of Oceanas at £19, dear Sir! so good, indeed, that you might do worse than re-invest part of that old profit in the company at the present moment. Of late there has been a great disposition to pick up cheap Exploration shares, such as Zoutpansberg, Mozambique, Montrose, and the like, and for those who love long shots and can afford to gamble there are many worse ways of risking their money. As far as Australian Mining shares are concerned, the week has been a very dull one, but, despite the crisis in Melbourne, Broken Hill Proprietaries at 3 3-8 have been firm on the dividend of two shillings a share.

No very encouraging news has come to hand from Charters Towers or Croydon, but a trial crushing of the Carrington is going through, with which those behind the scenes will be satisfied if the result reaches three-quarters of an ounce to the ton.

We went to the entertainment at the Palace of Varieties a day or two ago, and, from what we saw, we should say that joining the reconstruction is likely to be only a failure as regards the improvement of this property, which suffers severely from the competition of its neighbours, who have had an advantage in precedence which cannot easily be overcome.

We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, and CO.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Every day seems to herald the introduction of some increasingly wild and extreme flight of fancy on the part of Dame Fashion, who really seems to be trying to find out just how far her devotees will follow her. As for me, I felt weary, for the time, of rich fabrics, gorgeous colourings, and elaborate detail, and yearned after severe simplicity, and so the other day I turned into Redfern's, in New Bond Street, with a positive sense of relief. It is by means of productions such as those which I saw there that the popularity of the tailor-made gown is continued and increased, and as I looked round on the array of smart and perfectly cut dresses, coats, and capes I understood why women attach such importance to the magic name of Redfern. One handsome gown was of black satin, the skirt hanging in full, rich folds, which needed no trimming; the bodice was of white satin, effectively embroidered in white and gold, and was finished off with frilled zouaves and full sleeves of black satin. As a successful combination of richness and simplicity this gown was perfect.

In quite a different style was a dress of pale heliotrope cloth, the skirt trimmed with rows of mixed black and heliotrope braid, and with a zouave bodice of velvet opening over a braided vest. The collar and the cuffs of the full sleeves were of velvet, and the general effect was excellent. A smart gown of black serge was trimmed on the skirt with bands of green velvet, the upper part of the bodice being entirely of the velvet; while almost needless to say there were all varieties of boating and yachting costumes, each one more fascinating than the last.

A jacket which took my fancy was of dark red cloth, the very full sleeves, finished off with little frilled cuffs of black bengaline, edged with gimp. The collar and shoulder-capes were also trimmed with gimp, and the full skirts, gathered from the hips, were headed by a band of black silk, which came from the side seams and was loosely knotted in front, the long ends being finished off with a gold tag. A smart little cape of fine soft cloth in a deep warm shade of brown had a turned down collar and yoke of velvet to match, prettily braided in black, from which fell a graceful cape hood, edged with black braid and tied in front with a bow of black moiré ribbon. This cape can be made in all colours, and would be a very desirable and useful addition to any gown.

And now, acting on the wise principle of keeping the best to the last, I will tell you about the beautiful costume of which a sketch is given. It is Redfern's latest production, and as such will be of special interest to women in general. The material is the palest fawn cloth, and the full and perfectly hanging skirt is trimmed with three graduated bands of brown satin. The coat bodice, with deep revers, is cut short to the waist in front in zouave form, and has full skirts at the back, confined at the waist by a broad band of brown satin; it opens over a full vest of yellow and white crinkled silk, most cleverly arranged to form a jabot at the neck, and caught in at the waist by a band of brown satin. The hat to be worn with this gown is of coarse, golden brown straw in quite a new shape, being turned right up from the face in front with a pleating of fine black lace. The crown is ornamented with bows of black satin

ribbon and a frill of lace, and it forms altogether a perfect finish to an exceedingly smart and seasonable gown.

As for this week, at least, I wish to be a devout follower of what, by comparison, is simplicity itself, here is a suggestion for a boating costume, which will, I hope, find favour in your eyes. My idea is that it should be of white flannel, with narrow stripes of pale tan and blue, the skirt bordered with alternate rows of braid in the two colours. The zouave bodice has wide revers edged with braid, and opens over a full vest of pale blue silk spotted with tan, which is finished off round the waist with a sash tied with long knotted ends. The collar and cuffs are also of the silk, and I think that the gown would look charming when made up.

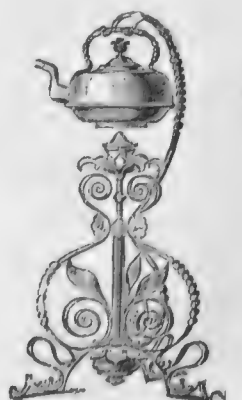
The material which I should recommend you to use is Barker and Moody's unshrinkable flannel, one particular pattern of which, called the "Oval," was in my mind when I thought out this dress. If you do not care for the one chosen, there is an endless variety to select from, in delicate shades of pink, blue, fawn, or grey, striped or checked, as the case may be. A pretty light grey has a check design in pale pink and blue, while a very smart and fashionable combination of pale mauve and darker blue forms a check on a white ground. Nothing could be prettier than the white flannels with a line stripe in pale blue or pink, while plain pinks, fawns, and greys, to say nothing of whites, ranging from the lightest and thinnest to the thickest and warmest texture, must all come in for a word of praise.

I can most cordially recommend these flannels to you, for they are deservedly noted both for their unshrinkable qualities and also for their artistic designs and colourings (which latter, by-the-way, are permanent), while wonderful strength and durability are additional recommendations in their favour. For boating and tennis gowns they are perfection, and some of the patterns would

make ideal dressing gowns, nightdresses, &c. Thoroughly good flannel is such an invaluable material, and one which has such manifold uses, that great care should be exercised in choosing it, so I should strongly



A SMART GOWN.



[Continued on page 53.]

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Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz. Dinner Napkins, 5/6 per doz. Table Cloths, 2 yds. square, 2/11; 2 1/2 yds. by 3 yds., 5/11 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 11 1/2 d. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/6 per doz. Frilled Linen Pillow Cases, from 1/2 1/2.

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TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

advise all of you to write to Messrs. Barker and Moody, at Leeds, for a set of their patterns, which will be forwarded post free. When once you have seen them for yourself, you will need no further recommendation from me; but I hope that, if you have not already heard of them, you will give me the credit of having introduced them to your notice.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Bent iron and brass work is becoming every day more popular; but the price, unfortunately, in the majority of cases, makes it an expensive luxury which cannot be indulged in by prudent housewives, much as they would wish to do so. For all such I have some good news, for I have just come across a firm from whom you can obtain all varieties of new and artistic black and gold metal work, at prices which the most economical must allow are wonderfully moderate. I am alluding to Messrs. Townshend and Co., of Holloway Head, Birmingham, whose catalogue was a perfect revelation to me, as it will be to you if you will send for a copy.

Floor lamps, table lamps, hanging lamps, gongs, floor kettles, letter-racks, fenders—all are provided, together with a host of other articles, too numerous to mention. Some idea of their appearance, however, may be obtained from the accompanying illustrations, which represent a handsome standard lamp, which can be had from forty-five shillings upwards, a very pretty and gracefully designed floor kettle, ranging from a guinea upwards, and one of the host of gongs, which commence in price at four shillings and sixpence. Is not this wonderful?

Messrs. Townshend also make a feature of white and gold metal work to match the fashionable white wood furniture; but, whether in



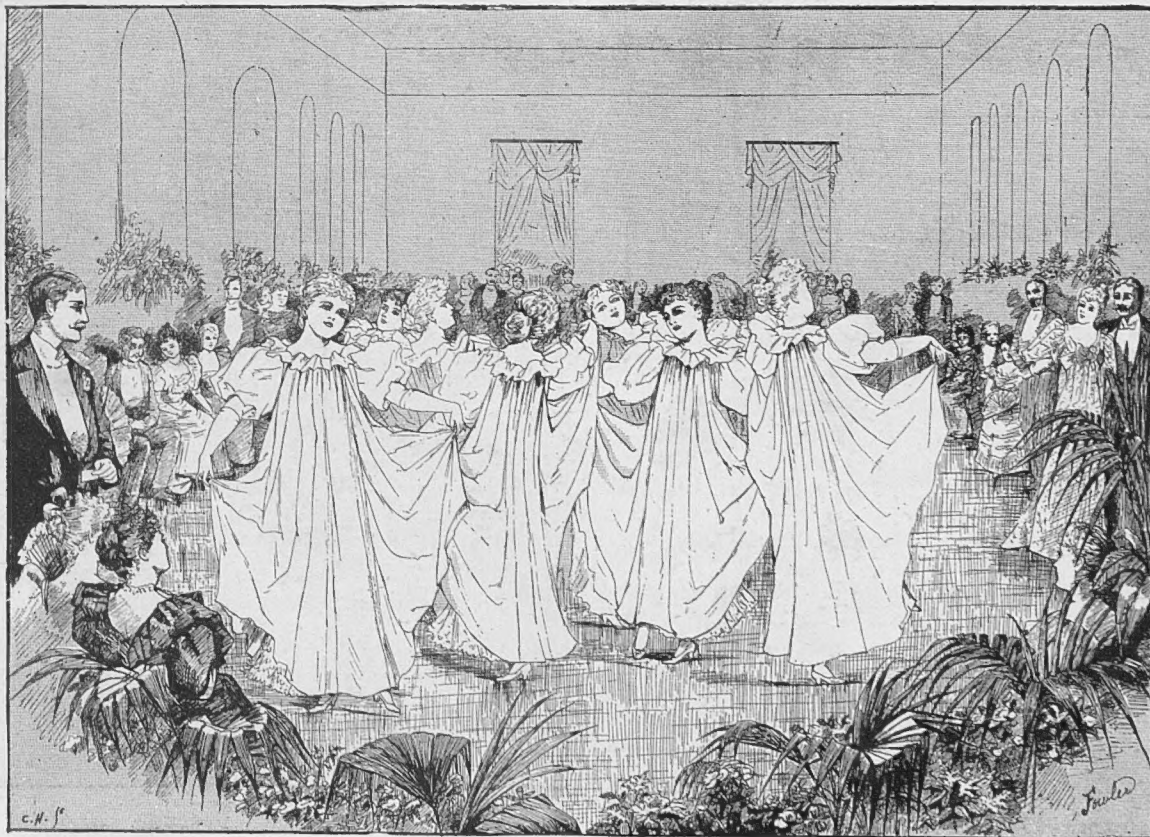
THE "OVAL" BOATING COSTUME.

white, black, or gold, the merit of the goods is equally unexceptionable and the price correspondingly low. If you want to make your home pretty at a small cost, Messrs. Townshend's catalogue will show you the way, and you should certainly have a copy by you, even if, at the moment, you cannot make use of it on your own behalf, for you will be almost sure to find that it will help you out of a difficulty when you have embarked on the task of hunting for wedding presents, an occupation which falls to the lot of most of us just now, when weddings are the order of the day.

FLORENCE.

LADY ROBERTS.

With the pending departure of Lady Roberts, Calcutta will lose, together with her illustrious husband, a valued and most esteemed friend. As an instance of the charitable objects which she has benefited, directly and indirectly, the total receipts in connection with her Ladyship's fund in Calcutta may be quoted as an example to the ladies who may in the future be called upon to fill her position. Up to the present month the total receipts in connection with Lady Roberts's fund amount to close on Rs. 74,000, of which sum no less than Rs. 30,000 have been brought in by her Ladyship during the last nine months. This fact, alone, is sufficient to account for the interest and sympathy with which Lady Roberts's work is regarded in India. Lady White, who, of course, is the wife of Lord Roberts's successor, Sir George White, will, it is stated, shortly become president of the fund, and Colonel John Robertson, of Simla, has consented to take over the duties of honorary secretary. Subscriptions, which are not expected to be slow in coming in, may be sent either to the president or honorary secretary, or to the Alliance Bank at Simla. Lady Roberts will be as much missed in civilian life as her husband will be missed in that army which he has done so much to improve.



THE FASHIONABLE MINUET.

THE JUNIORS.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

I do not know if you all believe in fairies as firmly as I do. I hope so. You get, believe me, more pleasure out of a single elfin friend than half-a-dozen ordinary flesh-and-blood godmothers put together. One has to put up with their whims, of course. Still, things generally come out satisfactorily in the end. And the following incident was vouched for to me by a certain family fairy as being absolutely true and correct in every particular. She has requested me not to mention names, by-the-way, otherwise I could have given you the post town, among other particulars. But that is a detail, and this is the story, which is much more to the point—

ROSELEAF AND THE PRINCE.

Roseleaf grew from a lovely child to a lovely girl. But, unlike other lovely girls, she was quite content with her own society. A long, quiet day in the woods, where the leaves danced shadow dances overhead and



ROSELEAF.

the birds paid each other pretty compliments in the spring, was more after Roseleaf's heart than all the balls and festivities and pageants that ever took place.

Her mother, who was a worldly-minded dame, spoke seriously to the family fairy on the subject. "Roseleaf is always poking about in the woods," she complained. "I cannot make her understand the necessity of going into society and cultivating eligible young princes. And you know, dear Wiseacre, she is fifteen now—really, quite grown up, and I begin to fear she will soon become *passée*."

Wiseacre was a jewel of a fairy, and as a family adviser stood alone. She wrinkled her brows very hard for a few minutes, then took her considering-cap off, folded it carefully, put it in her pocket, and solemnly announced, "I have it!"

"This is charming," said Roseleaf's mother, "and only what I expected of you. And your plan?"

"Invite Prince Oakapple to a great ball," said the fairy matchmaker. "Ask all the neighbors from near and far. I'll do the rest." And then she squeezed out through the keyhole.

Of course, Roseleaf heard what all the preparations going on meant, and took a dislike to Prince Oakapple on the spot. "I'll spend one last happy day under the trees," she said to herself, "and then I'll run away before this horrid little prince comes along." And off she started.

"So you don't want to be Princess Oakapple?" said a soft voice overhead, as Roseleaf passed one of the old forest chestnut trees, which was

covered in its gay summer bloom, and filled the air with luscious sweetness.

Roseleaf was much amazed. "Who are you, and how do you know about me?" she asked, peeping up through the scented branches.

There was a rustle, a whirl of wings, and next moment a wood-nymph slipped on to the ground at Roseleaf's feet. "I have been born with this old tree," she said, "I live with it and shall die when it dies. You have so often come and sat here with your book, and I have grown to know you quite well, and will help you if I can. But (smiling to herself) it will be hard to circumvent old Wiseacre."

As they talked, the merry notes of a bugle ran suddenly through the clear air, and the glittering helmets of a party of advancing horsemen showed through a long vista in the wood.

"The Prince! it must be the Prince!" cried Roseleaf, starting up in alarm. "He must not see me. Oh, hide me, hide me! Quick, or they will be here!"

"Take my hand," cried the wood-nymph hastily, "and say thrice 'King of the Forest, make me one of your subjects.'"

Roseleaf repeated the formula, and in a moment a pretty fawn stood in her place, and she was gone.

A gaily mounted young cavalier rode up as she stood uncertain where to fly. "By everything beautiful," he cried, "here is a good omen. I must catch this dainty fawn straightway," and setting spurs to his horse he chased poor Roseleaf, who flew panting through the forest and made for home, just as if she had been her own proper person, silly little thing.

The sight of a flying fawn, pursued by a brilliant young huntsman, as they sped up the long avenue to the castle made a great sensation; still more when Roseleaf dropped with exhaustion just as she got into the great deer-antlered hall. But the far-seeing old Wiseacre, who watched them from the terrace, only chuckled to herself and said nothing.

Presently appeared our valiant hunter. "I must apologise," he said, bowing very low, "for my over-hasty entrance. But this chase was too exciting. I—"

"A nice way," said Wiseacre, coming forward at last, "to treat your intended bride! You are a pretty wooer. Do you know who this is?" laying her hand on Roseleaf's sleek head, which immediately resumed its own golden curls as the fairy touched it.

Everyone else was as amazed as the Prince was penitent. "If I had only known!" he said piteously to Wiseacre.

"Known it! Tut—tut! It was all my arrangement," she told him, encouragingly. "You've run your game, thinking it game; to earth, and fairly won a bride instead. What do you say, little Roseleaf?"

And Roseleaf thought that upon this occasion Wiseacre knew best. So everything ended, as everything does where fairies concern themselves, to the satisfaction of everybody all round.



PURSUED.